

STAR-FLOWERS
THE WOMAN'S MYSTERY
BY MARY W. B. ELLIOTT
CANTO THE FOURTH

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STAR-FLOWERS,
A POEM OF THE
WOMAN'S MYSTERY

BY
THOMAS LAKE HARRIS.

LED by the choir of songs in flight,
Rise to the Land of Love's Delight.
The fount that welled as music ran
Her Naiad shews in Lilistan.



CANTO THE FOURTH

FOUNTAINGROVE

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STAR-FLOWERS.

CANTO THE FOURTH.





DEDICATION.

THIS warlike verse I dedicate to ye ;

Men who shall hold by faith God's righteousness ;

Men who shall pioneer for Liberty,

And in their common name be 'Strong-to-bless ;'

And from the Mother's grapes for courage press
Milk that is life-wine, that is truth-in-deed :

For now the race from trouble and distress
Stirs, thrills, while Armies of the Morn make speed,
Touching the Sceptered Power that erst held but a reed.

'Yea,' smiled the Muse, 'yet in the dedication

Weave this for me,—'To Man who Woman holds,
Lifting for her supremest coronation,

Where through the sister-bands the Mother folds ;—

To Man who for her championship embolds,
Ensantifying all to her his rod ;—

To Man, whose sex-thought from Her Word remoulds ;
Who kisses to Her feet all violet-shod,
And in that fragrance lifts life's worship-breath to God.''



STAR-FLOWERS.

CANTO THE FOURTH.

I.

‘LAND HO!’ how blithe to weary voyagers!

The engines slacken; joy-breaths from the shore
Waft welcomes; every pulse for rapture stirs.

The land-locked haven opes from perils o’er.

For the fierce tempest’s howl, the ocean’s roar,
Song-birds from woodland greeneries are flinging

Strains of dear melody. Let hearts adore;
Mingling with holy fragrance and sweet singing
Praise to Protective Love, hailed in the homeward bringing.

II.

From the old world of evil and disaster

We sought a new world, but in God revealed.
Years rolled as billows ran; our thoughts flew faster:

Our hearts divined, though Providence concealed.

From earth’s inversive anarchs we appealed:
With earth’s impure apostacies we fought:

With but the courage of the Life for shield,
We breasted all that Hate for ruin wrought;
Dared as none dared before; found where none ever sought.

III.

We rose to hights man's feet had never trodden;
Hights where God's morning-lands confront the sun.
We crossed morasses from old deluge sodden,
Flooding and reeking where the death-streams run
From the old ages, ruined all as one.
Wrecks of all perished hopes around us piled;
The fears of all the Faiths made horizon,
And all the terrors of the under-wild
Rose to confront; the feet for dooming they beguiled.

IV.

No exit! man has been immersed for ages
In subterranean crypts and catacombs.
No clue was ever found by seers or sages
To 'scape the pathways, all beset with dooms,
That drop through chill abysses to the tombs.
No clue! the standards that the heroes bore,
Blazoned with splendor-flames whence Faith illumines,
Blackened with night or reddened all by gore,
They failed as withering leaves whirled the dim pathways o'er.

V.

One seeker in the nations had divined
The Central Truth that sways the universe;
Had met the Fate wherein the Freedoms bind
And found the Virtue that dissolves the curse;
And bids the universal ills disperse,
That make the orb a wreck; its race a wraith;—
Its airs a stormy sea whence ills disburse.
One in his loneliness confronted death,
And drew the God-life in where men find Nature's breath.

VI.

One mind alone had calmly, coolly entered
Into the vortex of mankind's disaster;
Found where the sorrows of the race concentered,
And grappled there, the ills to over-master.
Ever to follow him the dooms ran faster;
Ever before him Promise would recede.
He was of every agony the taster,
Whence the devouring death makes mortals bleed.
He sought the dying world with deathless life to feed.

VII.

The foldings of the cruel christianism,
That clasps mankind but by an affectation,
Closed on the eye-balls where the Word makes prism
For the bright Sun-God's rising revelation.
Beauty he bore, veiled all in desolation.
He saw, but more, he held the Golden Prime.
The Living Beauty wrought infloriation
And, through the word-seed, formed in space and time,
Led thought, led life, led hope and prophecy sublime.

VIII.

He touched the Planet to its utmost needs:
The miseries of Man charged fierce upon him,—
Fire-visaged warriors upon coal-black steeds:
The hatreds of the hateful wrong enstone him,
And all diseases gather to enzone him
Within their slow, dissolving, murderous round.
For the man's toil, it served but to enthrone him
A king in agony, a martyr crowned,
Daring the sea of death in human woes profound.



IX.

‘A king?’ thou sayest it: a king forever,
Gathering the world’s elect from strife and tears.
Yet what a king is this? the sun-beams quiver
Through love-lit eyes; they are his battle-spears.
He only gathers men as he endears.
By the swift marching legions of sweet song,
By Truth enconstellated, that appears,
Wrecking the cloud that holds the storm of wrong,
He lifts the sceptered rod, made but by kindness strong;

X.

A king with scarce a roof to shield his head;
Without a rood of land to name his own;
Who, giving all, asks but a place to shed
His life and in it give God’s very own;
Weaving immortal splendors, zone by zone,
Till all the saved are in the giving blest;
Who speaks, and words like star-flowers are bestrown,
That hold the fires of God to sweetness prest,
And open Heaven within, where they pervade the breast!

XI.

God’s kingdom groweth from the least of seeds.
Illumining, inspiring and informing,
The man in whom the Man of man proceeds
Leads light, but as the gradual rise of morning.
Through forty years of bitterness and scorning,
Grew this man-seed, to flame upon the brow
With beams whereby God Helios makes warning.
In darkness toils the seed till it avow:—
The blossomed song is made a declaration now.

XII.

In Christ, for Christ, from Christ, to Christ, dissolving
The figments of illusion by its play,
By constellated wisdom-lights revolving,
Flashes the king's word on its wondrous way,
To penetrate the sordors of decay.
By melody the heavens and earths were wrought;
The times, the seasons, by a song array
The universe;—the poesy of thought,
Wedded to Love Divine, with deathless vigors fraught.

XIII.

Come forth again, glad for the blooming season
When human lives are in most perfect tune.
Leave the impieties of earthly treason,
Drawn to the bosom of the lady June.
She the king's garden hath for gifts bestrewn:
She leads the way, as melody foretells,
Where high o'er Lilistan the Mother Moon
Milks light from orbing bosom o'er the dells
Of sisterhood's desire, to feed their blossomed bells.

XIV.

For know, this servant serves in Lilistan,
Where he is called as 'Blessed;' there he sets
The crown-light kindled from the Man of man,
To sparkle in the countless coronets.
Pure are the lilies, roses, violets,
That wreathe the Bride Bands, and, by dress in dress,
Rapture the eyes of bridegroom baronets,
The sons of God, who for their sweetness press
The grapes of love divine, where God makes loveliness.

XV.

See what a king is like: see what it is
To wield the word-staff in the central place.
The monarchs of the earth but rear and hiss;
Crush where they foe, and stain where they embrace:
One king rules loftily by Mammon's grace:
Another by enarmed brute-force uplifts,
Wears the iron helmet o'er the tiger's face,
O'er chilled mankind heaps as by arctic drifts,
Consuming where he preys, corrupting where he gifts.

XVI.

One travels in his guarded railway car,
Fearing from dynamite assassination;
Aghast for Revolution, from her star
Sparkling with fires that menace conflagration.
Kinglets of hordes and tyrants of the nation,
Kings of the railway, factory, mart or mine,
Like the sea-monsters from an inundation,
Left in the shallow land-pools by the brine,—
They wallow in fat ooze, inhuman, undivine.

XVII.

Gout, palsy, scrofula and syphilis,
Diseases bred as larves beneath the skin,
Coil in the nerves or from the sensories hiss:
Their frames hold death, their instincts gender sin.
They are disquieted, without, within;
Survivals of the dread, embruted years;
The plundered wealth of virtuous Toil they win;
Girt by jew journalists or christian peers:
The vassals of Untruth, his throne by them uprears.

XVIII.

Earth had one King, even the Mother-Father.

He came unto His own: they knew Him not.
He sought mankind for this New Life to gather;
He found upon the planet's breast no spot
To lay his head,—only a burial-grot.
By kingliness he came, but for it died.

The tyrannous, the parasite, the sot,
Mankind endiadems their shameless pride.
For Christ it hath no crown; His faith is but belied.

XIX.

Now to His tomb I penetrate, for there
The sacred brow, wrought all for kingliness,
Rested three days from anguish and from care.
The Earth's denial wrought no more distress:
There She who was His being's Loveliness,
The Good of the Man Truth, who lights and warms
The world's vast, hollow, aching wilderness,
Wove by enrapturing blisses forms through forms,
Whilst Time reposed from fears, and Hades stilled from storms.

XX.

Dear bridal couch, in sacred burial chamber,
God-Goddess filled it, but in death's embrace.
Immortal may-time wrapped in chill december;
Unspaced Infinitude wreathed so in space.
I joy, I thrill, yet tremble to unlace
The bosom-foldings of the Mystery there:
But I have seen God's glory, face to face.
The words make song; they penetrate, they dare:
Of hours veiled all with doom they kindle, they declare.

XXI.

He raised the word-staff and She entered in:

From Her full bosom-life its gifts unwound:
Against the dread concussions from the din
Of the world's anarchy, She bound and bound;
Stilled the fierce spirits, wrapt them in a swound;
Then broke the nature-hold and forced release.

She sprinkled violets o'er that burial-mound,
Till for such bridal charm the Prince of Peace
His shadow-form rewove, in life's divine increase.

XXII.

The Kingly Powers, that battle in me now,

Lay buried in that sepulcher of yore:
The gifts that for my long persistence shew
Were generated on that marriage-floor:

The very word-staff that now trembles o'er
The hand that wields it for a royal rod,

Forms from the One-Twain Hand, that day that tore
Earth's death-doomed peoples from the worm, the clod.
My spark that night was in the marriage-ring of God.

XXIII.

Glad sprite, blithe word-seed, with a myriad others,—

The little people,—it was there with them.—
At last the death that choked the lungs unsmothers.

The Joy-world claimed Him from Jerusalem.—

Now I have issued from the Lord, my stem,
And, being earth-born of that Kingliness,

I sparkle in my Father's diadem.—
Go forth, swift verse, weave charms that dispossess
Man's heart of sin and death: the Bridal God confess.

1.

SAPPHO.

How sprang, from far Leucadia's steep,
That Sappho in the sea!
Thus, from her God-cliff to the deep,
Flings now this melody.

Yet lo! no bitterness of time,
No cruelty of years,
May overwhelm a single rhyme,
Where the Lost Truth appears;

For Truth, so lost for ages wild
In labyrinths of wrong,
Comes forth, as man and woman child,
Approaching but by song.

And braver gleam the kindling days,
And kinder grow the nights,
Till, for the wreath the verse displays,
Stand Cities of Delights.

No gift is lost where Love denies:
She fashions while she waits,
Till, for the light of open eyes,
Comes Day through golden gates.

Thou shalt dissolve thy form of strife,
Pale, melancholy Old,



And the vibrations of the Life
Return by heroes bold.

Thou shalt revive, thou shalt renew,
Earth's Golden, Silver Age!
Where now pure eyes, sweet eyes, but view
Word-lines of Issa's page.

2.

NEW BRIDE-LAND.

Where christianism chokes the Word,
No lights are seen, no voices heard;
Though Heaven to Earth makes play
And leads the bridal day.

Yet on this farthest continent,
Where christianism's waves are spent,
And blue Pacific's roar
Thrills the embattled shore;

Where the Last West, o'er waters far,
Looks westward till the eastern star
Meets the swift journeying eyes,
These artless numbers rise.

Here, the New Time ascends to flower:
Here the Old Ages, shorn of power,
Gasp, struggle and de cease:—
Here Christus finds release.

'Twas here the truth did first reveal
Powers that eternity unseal;—
The Bridal Word aflame
With Christus-Christa's name.

'Tis the embattled Sister-Band
That leads the light from land to land;
'Tis Woman first shall own
And lift the Bridal Throne.

The Age of Privilege is past:
The Age of Equity at last
Forms from the Mother's eyes,
Where social woman plies.

The Planet, like a drifting hearse,
Burdened with death and doom and curse,
Floats forth into the sea
Of Immortality.

Verse on the poet's lips may swoon;
Shadows envail the sun and moon;
Yet social woman still
Holds for the Mother's will;

Till poesies shall breathe and rise,
Winged for triumphal harmonies,
To bear the race along,
Swift for the Lord's new song;

And sun and moon relume for grace
Born of the Father-Mother's face,

To light and lift and cheer
A land named 'God-is-here!'

3.

APOLLO'S CHILD.

Disguised Apollo through the flocks
Of king Admetus made his way,
And led them from the sterile rocks
To blossomed meadows by his lay.

He touched the lyre; the rafters rang;
The guests arose from meat and wine;
And still Apollo played and sang,
For poesies made all divine.

My Father's gift is melody:
I sing but as her loves disbreast,—
She the divine of woman, she
From whom I rise, in whom I rest.

The Shepherd and the Shepherdess,
The Mind of Light in Heart of Fire,
Weave strains of liquid tenderness,
And thrill the sheep-folds from the lyre.

So, if one sees me on the rocks,
While airs are keen and storms are wild,
Made as a monarch in the flocks,
'Tis but the God Apollo's child.

XXIV.

Let us have peace! the toil-worn race hath striven,
 Aye since inversive sorrows wrought their blight,
 The barque, that bears its destinies, to haven,
 Where all the airs that flow shall waft Delight,
 To sprinkle blisses from her mountain light,
 And glide for pleasures o'er the wealthy plains.
 The Word-seed, man, he is not made to fight
 Through agonies and terrors and disdains;
 To fail at last where age swoons on him, swift for pains.

XXV.

But man, the Nature-fool, her dupe and vassal,
 Who chokes the word-seed in his breast of fire,
 Who fills himself with wantonness and wassail,
 May not have peace, however he desire:
 His days are measured by intestine ire:
 Mammon and Belial and Moloch draw
 From the beast's life the instincts that inspire
 The unmoralities of nature's law.—
 Men dipped their hands in blood for all the gods they saw.

XXVI.

To pray for peace, and still to nerve for wrath;
 To call for love, yet aye to dwell with hate;
 To bleed for many wrongs in scorn and scath;
 To desolate and be made desolate,
 Till ruin clasps the body for its fate,
 And tosses it in its tempestuous whirl;
 To wither as the autumn's faded freight,
 When equinoctial storms their wings unfurl;—
 Such ills involve mankind, where wraths their terrors hurl.

XXVII.

Man marches in the progress of disorder
By evolutions of the enmities.
He differentiates, but dross and sordor
From vile contentions in the progress rise:
Ages but change, not slay, the slaveries.
In fiery agonies of evolution
Old creeds, old thrones, old aristocracies
Perish, yet curse the world by a diffusion.
Wrongs but transpose their forms, renewed by revolution.

XXVIII.

Let us have peace! alas, the social tumor
Makes men as cancerous worms to eat and sting!
Each human form floats in a viscid humor;
Each weaves and wears a foul magnetic ring,
Borne from the proud, the base, the perishing.
Thus ages unto ages give disease.
The seers divine, the tuneful minstrels sing,
The saints adore, the lovers ply their glees,
Breathing impoisoned airs that taint and load the breeze.

XXIX.

How then shall peace be found? the scientific,
The philosophic minds at last admit
Contention wrought in Nature's hieroglyphic;
That man for aye at Nature's board must sit.
With doom the centuries are overwrit:
Nations that loftiest build the deepest fall:
The pinnacle but prophesies the pit:
New cultures, arts, weave the enlarging thrall:
Inexorable powers of strife encompass all,

XXX.

An egoistic race by emulation

Grasps for the prize, that fails its grasp forever.

Hunger, in sempiternal re-creation,

Feeds on the victories of man's endeavor.

Men are but targets where the miseries quiver

Like arrows from some doom-god's deadly bow:

From innocence, from rest, their lives they sever.

Does one strong swimmer touch the shores that glow?

He vanishes from sight, lost in the under-tow.

XXXI.

'Let him abandon hope who enters here;'

Dante's inscription o'er the gates of hell!

Sure men are led by Hope, forever dear,

Forever beautiful. With rise and swell

Of silver billows, to the doomsday knell,

Hope makes a flowing where the sufferer lies;

But he who hopes fulfilment grasps a shell,

Wherefrom the wingéd psyche bleeds and dies:

Men may retain the shade, the substance ever flies.

XXXII.

The maniacal ghosts, lost from mankind,

Did ever by conspiracies engender

Treasures, to hatch their ills on every wind:

The wingéd sprites, the lovely ones, the tender,

Mankind's tempestuous firmament surrender

To hungry swarms of tyrannies and hates.

Dull rivers of servilities meander,

Bearing a plague that chills and desolates.—

Where Cromwell rules to-day, to-morrow Charles awaits.



XXXIII.

Let us have peace; divinest expectation!

Spite of all failing prophecies, that end
As ashes from some brief illumination,
To the divine futurity we lend

A faith that lives forever: we descend,
And Faith is with us to the utmost hell.

Midst wrongs that cleave and poverties that rend
Mind, heart and sense to the last wavering cell,
Our spirits for the race long, golden years foretell.

XXXIV.

'Twas so:—but now the loftiest citadel

Of thought, wherein the lifted mind wrought powers,
Is conquered and its sunbright pinnacle
Hung all with doom-clouds for dissolving hours.

An atheistic cult the soul deflowers.
The mind uprears the shattered Parthenon;

But She who set her crown above the showers,—
The Woman Word, who more than Pallas shone,—
The Truth of Love and Peace, Her effigies are gone.

XXXV.

Vague, lurid, spectral shew the years before us,

Viewed in the Nature-mind's revealing glass:
The rising Proletariat makes chorus

Where the swarmed millions, surging by their mass,
Wreck the proud cities and their armies pass
On, on, by Anarchy to famine led.

The strife of wealth and want, that ever was
And ever shall be till self-life is dead,
Makes torrents through the years; at last to seas they spread.

XXXVI.



O Christus-Christa! hear me yet again:
 If there be any God, yet hear and fill.
 Waits a divine futurity for men?
 Sweet souls, who for it die, deny it still.
 They are as husbandmen, no more who till
 The glebe, because the rigored cold hath spun
 Its armies of white spears to pierce and kill
 The lovely offspring of the earth and sun.
 Hear me ere I expire, Lord-Lady, Two-in-One!

XXXVII.

I stood with Issa on a battlement,
 Where a great city shone beneath our feet,
 Lit for the crowning of a continent.
 This was Christopolis, the golden seat
 Where Lilistan's fraternal knightships meet,
 Weaving fruitions from the Bridal Word.
 She touched my heart, 'Sweet heart, and dost thou beat
 Like muffled drums in midnight marches heard
 To some great warrior's tomb? Now dies man's hope deferred.'

XXXVIII.

She said again 'Tis time died hope deferred?
 Life for sad hope deferred but heart-break won.
 Now I will tell thee,—thou, a new-fledged bird,
 Feeling keen air because its shell is gone.
 Hope rested on the time-wave like a swan,
 And drifted on that time-stream to the sea:
 Now she has pillowed her white bosom on
 The azure circlelets of eternity.
 The rising tide shall bring that silver swan to thee.

XXXIX.

‘Now be thou glad; behold Christopolis,
The Golden City, whence New Time in birth
Advances fondly as a lover’s kiss,
To joy and glory for the coming earth.
I wait, I watch, in wealth of woman-worth:
I serve, I sing, I sanctify, and stand
In thee, to thee, for mine in thine henceforth,
Till Heaven leads on, to build and bind and band,
And set in woman’s glass the star of Sister-land.

XL.

‘For Lilistan holds Sister-land, and truly
In ladyhood the glad magnificence
Grew by swift motions; thence enordered duly
By manhood’s valor and experience;
A revelation of the Social Sense;
A re-creation from God’s ecstasies;
Also a bosomed order, charmed, intense:
Breathe of it, in it; for it seeks the thighs,
To load my honey-bee, who scatters while he flies.

XLI.

‘Be thou nectareous! I have but to will it,
And nectars from my papillaries flow;
And if I say a joy, thence I instill it,
As thou by oft experience dost know.
Behold this lovely Lilistan a-glow!
Here Father-Mother fashioned as They willed.
Glimpse the Bride City, waiting to bestow,
When the white vapor is for earth distilled:
All is fruition here; all there must be fulfilled.’



XLII.

The silent pressure of the lover's hand
Has power from sense to soul to urge a thrill ;
But custom dulls the touch ; the marriage band
Slowly dissolves the vigors of the will ;
Surely invading with a palsying chill
Those occult organs whence the senses grow.
Love is a dear expectancy, that still
Melts to chill rain-drops from its colored bow ;
The splendors lost in mist, the mist condensed in snow.

XLIII.

Mightiest of all the passions of mankind ;
In the full complex of his being wrought
From deathless ardors of the Nuptial Mind ;
Diffused through all precipitates of thought ;
Then through the senses of the senses caught
To meet the fiery flood in Nature's veins ;—
Like the red sword where gladiators fought,
That spots life's floor-way all with sultry stains,
The sex-play leaves mankind an imbecile in chains.

XLIV.

Is this a treason that I write ? 'Tis treason
Against mankind to know and not to speak.
The amorous youths, proud for the lusty season,
Laved by desire as fishes in their creek ;
Whose senses from their fulness boil and reek,
Till the maid's glance excites a frenzied bliss ;—
They are as butterflies their mates who seek :
'Tis craving Nature makes in them to kiss ;
All impotent within, the strength of days they miss,

XLV.

They make a loss in every seeming gain.—

There is an infinite pure continence,
That leads the fire of God through every vein;
That first extinguishes, then builds the sense,
Wrought in the outlines of firm innocence.

'Tis here the mighty miracle begins,

That leads the vigors of Omnipotence
To slay the lustful body of the sins:

'Tis from this cross the life its resurrection wins.

XLVI.

Now, sometimes the internal respiration

Opens the breast and flutters for a while,
Seeking the bodily regeneration;

Then vanishes: the man who lost for guile
Enters anew into the Nature-style;

Forgetting that his breath changed e'er at all.

'New Life!'—he scorns it with a sneering smile.—

Did he but know, God's power, that sought his ball,
That entered through the lungs, that freed his breath from thrall;

XLVII.

Touching life's branches; seeking for life's root,

The very source of being's germination,
Finding his deeper will-mind dissolute,

Rose and retired as from a desecration.

Who shall declare? pause ye for adoration!
Hear the essential fact in all this thing.

There, for the last effect of word-creation,
The ardors of the Bridal Word make wing.

Shall flesh transpose, redeemed? first must transform the sting.

XLVIII.

Wrought as a sceptre for God's righteousness.

Against this truth the carnal man makes head:

He rears a worm of wrath and bitterness,

To wreck the being, as it wrecks the bed.

Still the old tempter rears his dragonstead

Within the inmost of organic seats.

Words fail, and yet the wisdom must be said;

In sex, by sex, Lord God the creature meets:

But if men turn from Him, for death the act completes.

XLIX.

Slow dying, pleasant dying, this may be;

Yet deeper dying than the mind can guess:

The star-flowered vestures of eternity

Change to the criminal's inversive dress:

The higher senses man did once possess,

Lost by this wrong, have perished from the race.

One who has toiled well knoweth, that to press

For love the lips of the Immortal Grace,

Self-life and lust must leave the consecrated place.

L.

One who hath borne the load of man's corruption,

Toiling to save through martyrdoms of years;

One who hath knelt to Wisdom for instruction,

Where God within the violet cross appears;

One who hath battled where soul-cleaving spears

Made wounds to ope through hands and feet and side;

One who hath drank the sorrow of all tears,

Distilled through orbs that yet behold the Bride,

Weaves in the song to say, how Christ was crucified.



LI.

He was transposed, all but a shadowy line:

He met the Jewish hate, the Gentile scorn,
Mild, exquisite, delightsome as divine,
The Word-Bride woven through His vital form.

Divinest Yessa in His birth-time born,
By immination through His being led

Her womanly processions, blissful-warm:
Her heart His home, She wrought His woven bed:
In Her full sweetness laid, He folded so and fed.

LII.

But in the last, the cruel days, disciples

Faltered and feebled, where they erst had trod;
Their minds but part enfranchised from the libels,
That Israel made for very words of God;

And most they doubted of the righteous rod.
Their thoughts with natural venery lay in:

Their instincts were content to lust and plod
In the old ways of generative sin.

His thought to life's extreme and centre could not win.

LIII.

He could advance but as the souls believe;

He could instruct but as the minds were open:
Truth imminates but as the hearts receive:

His words upon their unbelief were broken:
He spoke, and memory oft retained no token:
There was a fear upon them from the Jews:

Disquietudes were from His hints awoken;
The blood-sweat lay from agony profuse
Upon the deeper brain, mixed all with mortal dew.



LIV.

The truth He could not utter, from the cause
Of the unfitness in that gathered band;
From the stern pressure of restrictive laws;
From Israel's lust-rod grasped in woman's hand,
Set solitary in her household land;
The stench of evils, from the passions, rife
For generative play as creeds command;—
All these, as with emasculating knife,
Cut to the vital ground of His organic life.

LV.

Whilst potency endured He moved in splendor:
His vital electricities that rolled,
Man's heart made firm and woman's bosom tender:
He rode triumphant as a Champion bold
O'er Judah's dying idol, grim and old:
But, failing in effect, His powers recoiled.
The heart that lifted, kindled and consoled,
Sank low in that huge work wherein it toiled:
His rapture-fire was lost; so death the fortress spoiled.

LVI.

'Father, let this cup pass!' He did not seek
The crucifixion: in His outwardness,
All quivering as a rain-drop cold and weak,
He prayed to live, though but in pale duress;
To rest a little from His life's distress:
But She who held His life and formed to it,
Made Holiness of God in Loveliness,
Arching His finite in the infinite,
No more could fill His frame: 'twas all in terrors knit.

LVII.

O kisses, warm from the divine embracing
Of Mother's wifely lips, how did ye fail!
O agonies, her woven lines effacing,
How did ye swarm as fiends in battle-mail;
How did ye smite His breast with venom'd hail!
For all He might have conquered, but the dart
Came from unsociate woman, to prevail,
To pierce the loins and penetrate the heart.
He was led on to doom, bound in the vital part.

LVIII.

Though He seemed conquered first, He conquered after:
A-toiling so almost two thousand years,
He swung His life, all as a burning rafter,
O'er the abysses whence Earth's doom uprears:
Yet all this time He is a Man of Tears:
Tears mixed with rapturing, yet tears that burn
As from the fiery points of poisoned spears:
Aye in the annual round His powers return
To find the void of death, as waters that inurn.

LIX.

In human blessedness our Father lives:
From human misery our Father dies:
He is a Form of Energy, who gives
Virtue for times from the eternities:
Through ageing toil the yearly round He plies,
Meeting at every point Earth's human loss.
Angels in heaven involve their sympathies:
He who is Sympathy!—the griefs that toss
For terrors in mankind He bears, and shews their cross.

LX.

Being in Form as the Divine Sensation,
 His pain and pleasure are so manifold,
 That, if one makes an evil declaration,
 'Tis unto Him a nauseous flame-cloud rolled;
 And if one prostitutes for lust or gold
 The sacred treasure in the vital part,
 He feels as one might feel a tiger bold.
 He feels, though unexpressed, the deadly smart;
 But most where base mankind pollutes the woman's heart.

LXI.

His Being holds an equilibrium:
 In Christa's fire He meets the world's huge lust.
 Men pray to Him in words, 'Thy kingdom come;'
 And come it will; yet men that kingdom dust
 Below their ills; they cling by specious trust,
 Yet never realize the Mystery.
 It will not come, save as the solar thrust
 Shall touch and hold, where Woman, knee to knee,
 Makes for the Bridal Word form and finality.

LXII.

If I have written words that must offend,
 Let the offence be on me; I must say.
 This Truth hath travailed in me till I bend
 For its expression as a mother may,
 Who brings a babe that enmities would slay,
 And scorns deny and tyrannies enslave.
 This Truth is lifting through me as the day.
 Though Earth may perish, it shall rise to save:
 The drop shall make a sea, the woman's orb to lave.



LXIII.

My words move forth as bound in manacles:

Those words flame high; they touch the rising sun.

My words are lost as echoes in the hills:

Those words make God the Word their horizon.

My words!—man's lust their face may spit upon;
Those words, returning on him at the last,

Shall sound full loud their awful clarion,
And he shall stand, stripped naked, all aghast,
And by their Truth be judged in records of his past.

4.

HELIOS.

I saw the orb Helios turning,

In joy of the swift career.

The blood-red banner of morning

Displayed from its gold-flamed spear.

My bosom thrilled as the river;

It rose like the morn-lit sea.

Now flows, for the joys that quiver,

A bannered song in me.

My thought, in its cross extended,

Shrank not from the spear of blame:

The life while it wrought ascended

Through shadows that caught to flame.

I stand in the daylight's portal;

I grasp to the spear of gold.

My banner shall wave aortal,
Blood-red till the Life unfold.

I know of the inundations,
That wait for the Mother's will:
The airs of their emanations
Awake to the solar thrill.

Here, where I weave in the daytime
Songs that by Fate move on,
I watch for the star of the ray-time,
When death like a dream is gone.

5.

ISSA.

She wove a vail of silvery thread;
Around her form it spun.
Stars kindled through it, as she said,
'The silence is begun.

'Within the shady wood-walks now,
And in the sacred bowers,
The lady-winds their lips endow
From Mother's kissing flowers.

'If thou shouldst find a Wood-nymph sweet,
Perchance she may to thee
Involve, and form to lift thy feet,
Then sparkle to a glee.

‘And if one night thou shouldst behold
Thy couch made as a bower,
Glad Issa’s arms thy frame may fold,
And bring the kissing flower.

‘For thou this day hast wrought a song,
To overcome the curse,
And she who bore the thought along
Will bliss thee for the verse.’

LXIV.

Fools, fired by sex-lust, may philosophize,
But that whereof the speculative mind
Most ignores, Spirit, holds the unities,
Whence all diversities of thought unwind.
If sex-life dwells in lust the soul is blind;
The reason is an orb of broken beams,
All polarized for death, and all entwined
In the vast fantasy that Nature dreams.
Man, to know God aright, must know in last extremes.

LXV.

There are two Spirits coiled in christianism,
Folded as twins within one mother’s bell;
A Good and Evil, that with strife and schism
Torment each other; working many a spell
For mutual sufferance; each the citadel
Of all the instincts of its own delight.
When christianism fails, the race will tell
Of its long history as a cruel blight,
That passed from land to land, mixed all with Summer’s might.

LXVI.

Jews held a man-faith infinitely cruel,
Though blent with kindness from an earlier day.
That primal cult in Jesus found renewal:
Not His the evening, 'twas the morning ray.
I saw Him as Apollo; heard Him say,
'For Me to mine weave thoughts of purest worth:
My love-begotten poesies array
Your bridal habitation; joy and mirth
Make melodies divine, born of your bliss for earth.

LXVII.

'Therefore proceed by Me, and in the river
Of the world's torment for my going swim.'
I felt my Love's full bosom in me quiver,
Thrilled, raptured, burdened for the word of Him.
Then Issa rose, but with a visage dim,
A face of splendor in a face of gloom.
'O ye, the children of God Elohim,'
A Voice made utterance, 'lift as from My tomb.'
Then Issa's face illumed, her being wrought to bloom.

LXVIII.

The Father laid a hand on Issa's curls,—
Her sex-curls,—with a tender, sweet proceeding.
She thrilled to depths of all her passion-pearls;
Then murmured, voicing as from sorrows pleading,
'The woman's rose of life in men lies bleeding,
And the man's tower, that should be warm and firm,
Lo, 'tis the shore-line, where the waves receding
Have strewn the marge with stinging snake and worm,
And many an hideous thing that sunless waters germ!

LXIX.

'Here, in the cell where the divine fruitions
 Weave by renewings bridal-wise their blisses;
 Here, where Love's memory holds for recognitions;
 Here, where Love pressed to all the future kisses;
 Here, where the Song-Word, from divine abysses
 Of righteousness, in holiness makes glee,
 Shaping for paradise through wildernesses
 Of sweet mysterious moving harmony,—
 Here form thy thought anew, and think in me of me.'

LXX.

The Father placed His hand upon my brow,
 And said, 'Here are thy passion-curles, and here
 Man's blossom-bell: I open Issa's glow.'
 Thrilled the cerebrum like a sun-lit spear:
 It penetrated, and I felt the clear
 White brain-stream melting as the river's ice.
 With deathless courage, mixed with deadly fear,
 The sexual brain, sweet all as paradise,
 Met man's invasive airs, charged by his sensual vice.

LXXI.

Godly, victorious, I beheld a youth
 Kneeling for holiest homage with his bride;
 The daughter-son, born of the Good-in-Truth.
 Then the Lord said, "Thus ye with Us abide:
 But now arise; be strong, be open-eyed,
 That, by your comings forth and goings in,
 The Father-Mother may be glorified.
 The Word, One-Twain, new utterance would begin;
 By many songs to waft, by many charms to win."

LXXII.

The Sacred Mother stood enwrought for rapture;
 The Mighty Woman through the slender girl:
 So Issa, radiant, held in loveliest capture,
 Blushed as the morn when solar flames unfurl.
 "O thou," I said, "my holy one, God's pearl
 Of myriad pearl-seed!"—for I rose enfired,
 And Issa rose upon me, as to hurl
 Beneath my feet the vast, foul vampire-bird,
 The larve of sexual lust that fights the Bridal Word.

LXXIII.

And we knit strong together; energies
 Of the divine persistence, in us meeting,
 Opened the concept of the harmonies.
 That, in the brain revolving and repeating,
 Throbbled, thrilled, most like a babe the birth-pain meeting.
 Issa bore center-wise, then rose to free
 Pangs of sweet blisses, tortures fierce but fleeting,
 Swift circling in her being's melody;
 And then the concept rose: the Word brought forth in me.

LXXIV.

So the vast concept, fermed within the mind,
 Took hue and image, exquisitely real;
 But wrought by many a swift involving wind,
 Where Issa met the shape by her ideal,
 And lit a rainbow, as the hymeneal
 Beams of God Helios in the heavenly hall;—
 A fire-robe veined with splendors rich and royal,
 From the gemmed lights that mass the solar ball:
 Twain-one we shone arrayed, folded in God, our All.



LXXV.

With many an alternating throe and spasm,
Yet calm and sweet and strong and full and free,
I lifted then through terrors that might chasm
The rounded earth and vaporize the sea.
The Father, by His name of Victory,
Entered again for truth to nerve my rod.
The Mother, by Her name, Felicity,
With odors through the griefs She breathed and trod:
Then passed from sense to soul the Sweetness that is God.

LXXVI.

Outward I issue to my shell of style
And rise anew to penetrate the sorrows:
Though yet for blessedness I wear a smile,
I enter the monastic caves and burrows.
Still Samuel cuts with axes and with harrows
The captured Philistines who thought to serve
God, not by name his own dread image borrows:
My being to another fight I nerve:
Onward, right on, my staff, howe'er the fray may swerve!

LXXVII.

The Pillar of the State Ecclesiastic
Is the false penis: in that strong live worm
Live the religious men, the hordes monastic,
'Gainst the Word Goddess who the sex confirm,
Shaping the systems outly to their term
In gorgeous ceremonials; who apply
Their lips by falsehood, in mankind to germ
For endless births of strife and bigotry;
Who serve the Truth of God, transposed into a lie.

LXXVIII.

Lost christianisms,—Huns and Goths and Vandals,
 Who wreck in womanhood the Mother's Rome,—
 Surely the Lady of the violet sandals
 Enters their worm by woman's way unknown.
 Burrow in woman did they, till the foam
 Of the white fear as sea-drift wet her lips?
 Built they o'er her their incantation dome?
 Scourged they o'er woman with infernal whips?
 Wrought they through her dim eyes the coils of their eclipse?

LXXIX.

At last comes Nemesis, yet comes divinely;
 For they shall in their swoon lie down to sleep;
 Wrapt in oblivion where they shroud supinely,
 While the white mists above their altars creep.
 And they shall breathe from woman's violet deep
 The passion-odors of the Mother's well:
 The Mother's fire from vein to vein shall leap:
 Then they who claimed from heaven, but coiled from hell
 Shall fail as jarring tones, lost from some broken bell.

LXXX.

Ye of the loom, the factory, the spindle,
 Daughters of Labor! ye shall weave a cult.
 Your toiling hands for star-flowers shall enkindle;
 Your broken breasts for victory exult.
 O'erthrown were ye by Mammon's catapult?
 Shattered were ye by priestly dynamite?
 Wisdom her promise bears to last result:
 Felicity forms full where ye delight,
 And all in social worth make praise to God aright.

LXXXI.

Bear ye the Word among the myrmidons,
The toiling men, the comrades, the companions.
Shew ye to them as pure and shining ones:
The Holy Ghost shall in you plume her pinions.
Lift ye all-beautiful in thought's dominions,
O daughters of the shuttle and the cord!
No more shall ye be hand-maids, serfs and minions
Of Mammon's men, with death for last reward.
Rise for your Lady's breath, bride-maidens of her Lord.

LXXXII.

In the evangel of the World's new labor
Is wrought the gospel of Mankind's New Life.
These toiling ones whom Care did so beneighbor,
Blossomed shall be their lips from God the Wife.
Bosomed their lives shall be in blessings rife
To grow through man for endless comforting.
Did Want stab at them with the murderous knife?
Did priestly hands but death for solace bring?
All in gold-broidered robes they meet the Golden King.

LXXXIII.

My words are fiery hot; they lift anew
From red volcanoes of the Mother's wrath;
But they shall wreathe to star-flowers, and bestrew
Full summer loveliness on woman's path.
She giveth man in labor all she hath,
And God, the Lady-Lord, shall give to her.
Waits her sweet baptism in the Mother's bath:
To Labor's Heaven from Labor's sepulcher,
Lifted in Savior-bliss, her flight shall not defer.

LXXXIV.

Well may the lips of kings for terror whiten,—
Grim, golden despots of the labor-fight.
Well may their dreams for awful omens frighten:
Well may the knees of thought for horror smite.
They may foresee the Woman all in white,
As for the doomsday of the winter's frowns.
Woe to the gorgeous mansions on the hight,
But hope in tenements of labor-towns!
She comes to shake the world, She of the many crowns.

LXXXV.

Is this a birth? it is a birth in death.
Is this a death? it is a death in birth.
I saw the Mary, once of Nazareth;
Robed all in chastities of purest worth.
She hailed me 'Grandson,' and a glance of mirth
Shone through the serious sweetness of her look.
Surely her stately bosom shewed no dearth
Of woman's nectar: more than holiest book
I read in her white palm, kissing the hand I took.

LXXXVI.

For she beamed forth, benign, grandmotherly.
Like the tall palm by an arabian well
Her lifted womanhood wrought shade o'er me,
And I was glad enarbored so to smell
The sacred sweets in Mary's life that dwell.
She gave her hand: I read this scripture there;
By annual weavings of her blossom-bell
Her Christus-Christa she doth ever bear,
Shaping disclosive robes, their outwardings that wear.

LXXXVII.

And Mary said, 'Yea truly, I did kiss
 The Lord God's feet, for baby feet in mine:
 And I did draw those baby feet for bliss,
 Ensanctifying through my passion-sign.'
 I pressed her palm for holiness divine.
 She said again, 'Do precious violets grow?
 Do grapes make blossom for the living wine?
 Those feet, that grew to bear Lord God below,
 Were odorous-wet for these: I know, for thee I know.'

LXXXVIII.

She made the image of a baby's foot,
 And held it to me in her kissing hand;
 In it I felt the essence and the root
 Of all the gifts for Ladyhood that stand;
 That glow and glee and bear and bliss and band;
 That lift to robe, to wreath, enchant and charm.
 I kissed, then felt to mine swift vigors wand;
 They rose to loins, to bosom, heart and arm;
 Then centered in the brain, innerving cold and warm.

LXXXIX.

In the vast mystery of the Incarnation
 The Heavens by universal wisdom spin.
 All truths that rise by grace to revelation ,
 Through the Incarnate Word their access win.
 Spake she who bore, midst Israel's hateful din,
 The Melody of God, made as a song?
 Did she of that sweet mystery begin,
 The music of its numbers, borne along,
 Methinks 'twould whirl and whirl, till Heavens to earth might
 throng.

XC.

She who broke once a vase of alabaster

Came then,—another Mary,—glad to greet.

She said, ‘Did I adore the Savior Master?

Truly I worshiped when I kissed his feet;

I but a little wild-flower in the wheat,

Lifting to press my dew-drop to the sun.

Now evermore the worship I repeat,

And see! my worship-tears to rainbows run:

I beam, I rain, till now these golden locks have spun

XCI.

‘From the dark tresses Jewish maidens bore:

So, all transposed from the semitic style,

The Sun God lightens through while I adore;

And I am in Him, of Him, as the smile

Of woman, born from bitterness of guile

To sweetnesses of endless marriage twine.’—

Mists formed, the Maries vanishing the while

In beauteous vapors of the sun’s decline.

Their fragrance lingered still; the violet in the vine.

XCII.

Afterward came my Issa, all divested

Of queenly raiment, shewing me a mark

On her left side. She said, ‘In thee I breasted;

Toiling in thee for all thy wisdom-work;

Grieving in thee from day-dawn to life’s dark.

The wailings of the people’s agonies

Broke so as through the morn-song of the lark;

Wrought in the faith of the humanities:

The trumpets in thy voice were vocal from my glees.’



XCIII.

She touched my side; her scar began to break;
 It made as by a crimson wound to shew.
 She touched again into a deeper ache;
 Her palpitating bosom rose aglow:
 She said, 'Did Lily in the queen avow!
 That was an outness; in such beauty drest,
 I imminate, I emanate, and so
 I shewed to thee, by shadowings confest,
 While the evolving powers rose in thee, here to rest.

XCIV.

'Find all the travailings of all the years
 Of thy long trial outlined, inlined; see!
 If Issa-Lily to the sight appears,
 She wears thy life; a likeness-girl to be.
 If thou art in the sorrows of the sea,
 If thou art in the shadows of the grave,
 Still thou art spaced in this Felicity;
 Bound in the bound, in freeness freely brave,
 Till Fate and Freedom rise to victorize and save.'

6.

SHADOW - TIME.

In the dooming, in the dying,
 As the south wind, singing, sighing,
 Where the woodland arches darken
 For the dim decline of day;
 Through the cold of earth that chills me,
 Flows the voice of her who thrills me;
 Though I shadow whilst I harken,
 For the eve in pale array.

Like the voice of Love complaining
Where the gusty north, distaining
Leaf and foot-sward for the frost-time
 Glides the liquid, loving lay;
And I sorrow and I sadden,
Till I rise, for gifts to gladden
Souls that wreath into the lost-time,
 From the life-tree whirled away.

And I anguish in my sorrow,
As the Night, that bears the Morrow,
Whirls, by darkness clad and laden,
 Stormed by terrors and alarms.
In the solitudes of feeling
She is in me for revealing,
Till the Word brings forth the maiden,
 All incarnate by her charms.

So I walk where storm and thunder
Rend the occult world asunder;
Where the highs melt down to flowing
 And the depths to firmness rise.
Surge the waters to enweave me,
And the Nature-floods enwreath me;
But the bosomed one, full glowing,
 Lifts and urges while she plies.

All the desolate, cold ages,
Where the deadly hates and rages
Wrought their watery vail of sorrows
 O'er the breathing world supine,—

Lo, their last remains have risen,
Loosed by torrents that imprison,
Till the verse but shews for morrows,
Like a sunbeam in the mine.

I am vailed in the forgetting,
Where the sun of memory setting,
Where the time-geist, radiant, wreathing,
Folds in violet clouds away.—
For a World of New Affections,
Lost to sorrow's recollections,
Soon the lips of God make breathing,
Where but now the verse makes play.

Deadly griefs and dying terrors,
Like the breath-stains from the mirrors,
Form the rain-drops to the rivers;
Heave the billows in a mass.
But God's throne shall be uplifted,
On the waters chained and gifted,
Where the day for gladness quivers
O'er the sea of fiery glass.

If the sight may be forbidden,
As the gold in mountains hidden;
Burns the gold, ere it surrender
For the luminous uprise.
Be the eyes from death averted,
Ere the shadows are ungirted.—
I uplift me in thy splendor,
Issa, daughter of the skies.

7.

ISSA : ADONAI.

Now the Poets, who made chorus
In the Morning Land before us,
With the rush of flowing waters,
 With the voice of sea to shore,
From their ages, silvern, golden,
From their mystery deep-folden,
Touch the bloom-wands of the daughters,
 The sweet singing to restore.

And the mighty ones, the masters,
Who against the orb's disasters
Wrought in seven-fold rounds together
 Till the breathing floods o'ercame,—
We behold them drawing nearer,
While the Chief, the Battle-bearer,
Leads the new, delicious weather
 That shall cloud for bridal flame.

'Tis the voice of Issa, crying,
'Adonai!' lifting, flying
Rose her song-call, weaving fleetly
 Till it grasped the staff afar.
The Illumined One replying,
Very merciful, out-skying
Made responses, full and sweetly,
 'We are servants of thy Star.

'Space thyself by all the coolness;
 Draw the fire-mist from its fullness.
 Make a unity betweening,
 Lead us to thee by thy vril.
 By the sheaves from many waters,
 By the son-gift in the daughters,
 For enkinging and enqueening,
 We are sword-hands in God's will.'

Softly, sweetly, as the measure
 Of the deepest, dearest pleasure
 That the brides in heaven make duly,—
 Bridal girls in Lilimo';
 Fires of energy distilling
 By the wisdoming and willing,
 Came the voice of Adonai,
 'To respond is to bestow.'

XCV.

I touch the Foreland of the Coming Years,
 Formed from the bosom of the Life above,
 And through the mist of sweet and sacred tears
 Meet the advancing force of God-in-Love.
 Evil is perishing; the Power that wove
 And thrust for madness through time's long dismay,
 That fattened on Earth's agony, and throve
 Where Death led onward for his festering way,
 Is an expiring cloud, half as the meteor's ray.

XCVI.

Yet, when I touch where the strong spear is set,
 That penetrates the core of Earth's perdition,
 The vampires of mankind scare not a bit,
 For what Lord God is bringing to fruition.
 They dread the Socialist; they fear his mission;
 The wrath of battle, dynamite and fire;
 But Faith has failed; no more is there of vision :
 The gilded offspring of some guilty sire
 Usurps the prelate's throne, or rules the surpliced choir.

XCVII.

And when I turn where Woman languishes,
 She eyes me with a cold, sad, listless glance;
 Helpless to meet the strife, the storm, the stress,
 Wherein the growing miseries advance.—
 That Woman People, scarred, dismembered France,
 In her great eyes, for passion coldly-warm,
 Alone I see the coming splendors dance;
 Alone I feel the revolution-storm;
 But there behold for awe the cyclone's social form.

XCVIII.

The verse led on, but by a devious way:
 This is the Land, the Future's Land at last:
 I pause upon its brink and for it say,
 The Minstrel's toil was arduous and vast;
 But now the three great chalices upcast
 For overflow, and here they stand and bear
 The Mother's Wisdom, future, present, past,
 The triune song; by melody to share
 The universal space, increased for blessing there.



8.

LILISTAN.

Thou Love, thou Muse, in this divinest Earth
Sure we will dwell together, and henceforth
Visit mankind tired in that other place;
But only as the Sea-Flood may unlace
Her gold-green raiment for the rising tide.
I am content henceforth so to abide,
For now, meseems, the waves have borne us in.
She answered, 'Here, touch open':—glad to win;
I touch, where the strong collar-bone is set,
The Ocean's Daughter, trembling, warmly wet.

9.

THE SHORE OF LILISTAN.

I slid to that divineness wearily:
I felt as 'twere white waves form over me,
That wash the fearful memories of pain,
Formed in the day's long struggle to the brain.
So there I lay with scarce a wondering,
Or care of earth or any dreadful thing.
Methought, if any man of outwardness
Should strike my shade-form now, he would but press
A bubble, breaking for such cruel blow,
Scarce more than as a water-bell to shew;
Perchance relaxing all, the stroke to meet,
Then vanishing in sparkles at his feet.



I did not care, for I had taken ill
With utter weariness, and all the will
Of struggle vanished; but she touched my neck
And I uplifted.—Wreaths of foam befeck
The shore-ways where the last small waves make swells,
And the salt brine glimmers from open shells.
So, as the ocean waves their compass make,
I felt but distantly the earthly ache,
And sat me down hard by a small, green mound.

The earthward line of Lilistan is bound,
All but a scant, bare margin next the sea,
In dark, dense wealth of forest greenery.
“I care not, care not,” still my heart kept saying.
“I will not meet the dreadful Earth’s betraying.
Sure it has cast me out: it will not be
Right I should enter it, but shadowly;
Or mingle any more where souls embed
The word-seed in the cruel naturehead.”

I cared not, cared not, till I felt undo,
And Issa from her foot drew off the shoe:
Then I was bare-foot. Afterward she sat
And laughed: an elemental, once a cat,
A wee elf woman, clad in furry skin,
Whirled through her flesh white gauze-ropes fine and thin;
Spoke words just two, ‘Is do,’—Is’dona meant;
Then leaped to shew the figure of a tent.

I saw: ’twas surely a mysterious wood:
In lincoln green a seeming Archer stood.
An arrow whizzed, then touched into mine eye
And made its fire a singing butterfly;

And still the arrows flew, until a cloud
 Of such small flutterers on the air bestowed
 The full-formed likeness of the sweet, the sage
 Blithe Issadona; and the Silver Age
 Glimmered and glimpsed and mirrored, till a tent,
 Formed all for wonder and astonishment,
 Grew from the gliding wings, then closed around
 For gold-white curtainings, without a sound.

10.

THE SENSE OF HOME.

Here I close my simple strain;
 Glad in LILISTAN to reign;
 Lifted to its blossomed shore
 On the tide of troubles o'er.
 Where the wakening wood-doves thrill,
 Rest is mine from earthly ill:
 Word-staff leads through liliated wand:
 I am in my People's Land.

Here I may without a shame
 Speak as Earth will scarcely name;
 While for joy the doves make call,
 Scared not by the rifle ball.
 On the earth if one should say,
 'He is veiled in Time's decay,'
 Still I ope my quiet eyes
 Where Eternities uprise.
 Chant, O chant the glad refrain!
 With my people I remain.

11.

WAGE-PENNIES.

After a man has served his day,
A penny is the common pay;
No more, no less, for great or small,
For wise and simple, each-in-all.
'Twas by this law Lord Jesus kist
For wisdom to the Communist.
Lord Jesus, with the coin in hand,
Is Master Payman of the land.

One brought a coin, and said, 'Behold!
The lesser metal here is gold.
Touch me this medal with your thumb
And you will find it socium.
'By God!' I said, "'tis good:" he stood
And answered, 'It is good-in-good;
New metal here, the double gold;
The substance found not in the old,
But since the Second Covenant grew:
See how it changes in its hue.
Here, as the second covenant filled,
The coin God's likeness newly milled.

'I serve, I swift, I sweet, I stand:
I build, I bless, I break, I band:
I will, I weave, I whirl, I wing:
I kiss, I keep, I kind, I king:
I talk, I take, I teach, I twine:
I dream, delight, disperse, divine.'
This you may read by letters red,
Formed in the Penny's bridalhead;



Formed where the word-staff and the wand
Display the cross of Passion Land.

‘See, in this image flies the care
And fills Felicity, the fair,
If one small coin like this be won,
Bearing the Life King’s print thereon.
Lord Christ rules here for all in all:
His other name is Capital,
Whence grew the silver and the gold.
The one is blithe, the other bold;
The silver touch makes bliss-bells ring;
The gold-touch here, by wing in wing,
It lifts the banners of the breast,
For Labor sets the lance at rest,
And energizes in the rod
For the King’s word-staff; yea, by God!
Nay, I swear not; but so declare
That all by God such wonders are.
And oh! it sets my lips aflame
To kiss upon the Holy Name.—

‘Penny it is for oratory:
She blushes now; she loveth glory,
This woman-splendor from the Word,
White-wingéd in the Mercy Bird.
See, the coin blushes; she made red
When I of oratory said.
Now, prithee, touch your lips to her.’
I did so, with “By Lucifer.”
‘Yes,’ said the wise one, ‘there you hit
Her memory; I was William Pitt,
And came from Lucifer, the great,
The proud and cruel British State.

The coin to you a memory rayed;
I wished it, and the girl, she paid.

'She is a live, articulate
Mollusk of metal, just in weight,
Tone, tune and harmony, and all
The gifts whereby great things grow small.
The triton once you heard begin
As Adonai's violin:
The coach, wherein you for us rode,
As a sea-lion did forebode.
Woman is architectural;
Her science maketh great from small,
But also maketh small from great.
Here, in the loftier freedom-fate,
All in the motions of her choir,
Flow sacred rivers of desire,
That modulate from liquifying,
Till reeds, beside her touch-bank sigling,
Evolve more melodies than ran
Through Silver Peoples unto Pan.'

The Penny listened: seemed it grew
More red till gold sparks glimmered through:
It ticked: he held it to his ear:
It spoke a message from his dear,
That telephonic coin divine,
'Love, bring the Poet home to dine.'

'By God, my King, Fidelius,
Is saying something unto us.
'I am to-day in private life;
Bring him to dinner with his wife.'
'We will go there," I answeréd.
'By God the two kings knit;' he said;

Then tucked the coin into its space,
Nigh to the ancient swearing place;
Saying, 'no law will I reverse;
I put the penny in the purse.

'The ancient wise of Egypt led
A river to the spring that fed:
They toiled by many an occult stroke.
By Kopht I see a rising smoke.
An old Egyptian scientist
Spoke through that smoke-wreath to my wrist;
For he is drawn from Kopht below,
To see how earthly matters go;
Bound through Psychopolis to-day,
But only in a private way.

'What lovelinesses form our years!
I think the End in you appears:—
But now my penny grows a weight;
She calls me to the Board of State.
I feel the turtle kindly well;
He is distilling in his shell
A savory soup, which we shall find
Flavored quite right with ease-of-mind.
Feel to the joy-touch in my knee;
By God in God, that Sweet-to-me,
The Lady of my appetite,
Is dressing for a ball to-night,
And asks if crimson or sky-pale
Will please the phoenix and her male.
By God, I say, the holy bird
Lives in my concept: she preferred
This night the roses of the sky.
See how my kiss-waves multiply.'

Through his warm lip its colored fire
 Made emanation of desire;
 Gliding and dimpling to his chin.
 He said, 'By God, the hearts go in.
 My lips are forming for the feast,
 And potency shall be increast.
 In all the blessings of the rod
 We rise from God, in God, to God.

'Wish me a wish-thought: it is sweet
 To be wished into by king's heat,
 And feel the neighbor kingdom-zone
 Touching, to sympathize our own.
 Now until come-time I am gone.—
 By God greets Doctor Audubon.'

Thus William Pitt, one of the Spears
 Who hold Fidelius throned in peers;
 One of the Standing Men, who set
 To serve Fidelia's coronet,
 Called also 'Trumpet-tone,' glides on.—
 Fails o'er yon hill his clarion.

12.

AUDUBON.

'Waters are sweet in summer drouth,'
 Said one; 'the Land makes open mouth.
 See! from the sky-vail to the plain,
 Forms the delicious lady-rain.'



He made a whistle from his ear;
A sort of bird-call, glad for cheer;
He made a touch-cloud to my nose
And blew a fragrance that arose;
Then, pausing for an answering lift,
Spoke low, 'The king is not in gift;'
Spoke soft, 'the king is in retreat:
Let us have birds to fan the heat;—
The mercy-birds, for they will bring
Cools in their wings for comforting.'

He led the birds, the breast to fan,
Still speaking on,—the goodly man,—
'Our Lady-land the charm unlocks
Whirled in the wing-flight of the flocks.'
He touched a blossom silver-blue,
That summer-sweet beside us grew,
And lifted bells of honey-dew;
Then formed what seemed a peppermint,
Delicious, with a cordial tint,
And said, 'With homage, take of me!'
But I replied, "I share with thee;
Accept the singularity."
He wished a wish, and so we ate
The confect, pure and delicate.
It fed the lips and kindled there,
Felt to the taste as joy-in-prayer.

So, by the artless holy talk,
The verse uplifts her wisdom-stalk,
Shewing how speech from man to man,
Moves in the style of Lilistan.
'I am begirled,' the Brother said:
'You wished me joy in marriage bed,

And the sweet wifehood, by the wish,
 Wafts comfort from her blessing-dish.
 I am touched dearly underneath
 My armpits by a kissing breath.
 I am touched kindly to my chin,
 For energies of hearts-go-in.'

Wonders are in the curious lay:
 He touched a finger tip, to say,
 'If the king please, I weave: now see;
 Shapes first a robe of plumery.'
 He wove a feathered coat, a hat;
 Meanwhile continuing the chat;
 Wove hose and vestment, wings in wings,
 Fine as the silver cobweb-rings
 That in the summer airs arise
 To take small gnats; with sparkling eyes
 Wrought in the robe;—'The bird-land glance
 Befits, may't please, the countenance.
 Our Land would shew in such array
 At King Fidelius' board to-day.'

A tailor this in People's time;
 An artist of the kingdom's prime;
 In private hour a seer of sense,
 Formed to the bird-world's providence;
 Beloved, loving, great or small,
 The dwellers in the woodland hall;
 Still calling songs divine to rise
 Through multiplying melodies.

13.

GENIUS AND BEAUTY.

Genius and Beauty, that anear
Their lives to man by memories dear,
Survive sublime, beyond the haze
Called 'death,' to walk by nobler ways.
Genius, the King, survives to fill
His home-world with the Beautiful.
'Tis in the Genius of the Land
That the king's genius,—word and wand,—
Works for the harmonies unknown,
Where the Queen's Beauty lights the throne.

'Twas thus I said.—An answering breath
Sighed through me, 'Son of Nazareth,
Genius and Beauty never win
Their empire, till they underpin;
Shaping the word-staff and the wand
Through the vast Commune of the Land.
Society in them appears;
Society by them uprears;
Till the Arch Genius of the State
Lips the Arch Beauty for his gate;
All entering so by charms in charms,
To lift the All by hearts in arms.
Genius and Beauty, twain-in-one,
Wrought in the law for gifts begun,—
This is the royal state, unheard
Below, the Empire of the Word.'

14.

THE TABLE OF KING FIDELIUS.

'Divinity implies community;
 'Twas thus that king Fidelius began,
 Seated at table. 'Yes,' he cried, 'no more;
 First, midmost, last and best, 'tis all of this.'
 I answered, shining in my feathered coat,
 "Hold there!" his words in air suspended, made
 Warm, colored lights in atmosphere of flame.
 Unwittingly I trod upon a law
 Of the king's land; making an opposite march
 Against that kingdom's order, by my words,
 That brought a clash. I stood as in disgrace,
 Till this was rectified and peace was made.

I touched to king Fidelius, and he said,
 'The bestnesses of men are in their wives,
 And the Community is wifely art.
 They are the firsts in us, they are the lasts,
 They are our midmosts and they are our bests.
 Stand by the thought of me and take it in,
 For you are in a speech-thought far away;
 And words pass to your telephone below,
 Precipitating to that outer space,
 And made into its lesser language-style
 From the sublime dimension:—take it in.'

He cooked a raw potato while he spoke,
 Baking it kindly by his finger-fire,
 Then said, 'The bestness makes in me to this:
 The bestness makes in men for ovening.'



The guests who sat at table were appeased
And broke to splendid smiles; there was a glow
Of lady-light in gladness on them all.
A Prelate of the kingdom reached a hand,
Saying, 'If the king please!'—the king was pleased.
These are a people rich in ceremony,
As all in heavens grow by fraternal rise.
The king smiled placidly; the prelate laid
The baked potato on a shining plate,
Wrought all in silver-gold to socium.
He gravely called, 'Bring baskets;' then intent
Broke the potato into little balls,
And multiplied potato-bread: the twelve
Great baskets filled; the king spoke sweet for men.
Twelve gentlemen, responsive to the call,
Lifted the baskets and the king made whirl
That set the bearers in a rhythmic march.
'Bear forth,' he said; 'the table multiplies;
Feed ye my people.'

After this we sat
Conversing, till Fidelius spoke again,
'There is a saltiness in the air to-day:
Let us have salt.' A prelate drew a cube
Of salty crystal from his commonwealth;
The chamber of stored virtues in his breast.
Then each guest opened his own commonwealth,
Making an offering to the bishop's salt.
As the cubes touched each other they made one;
Then the ecclesiastic reverent said,
'Hold up the hands and I will make a pray.'
'Twas thus he prayed, 'Our Lady of the Sea,
Breathing sweet odors from the fragrant brine,
Condense into us for the saltiness;

Make salt to all our commonwealths anew.'
SHE smiled; a glory of the ocean broke
Into the atmosphere, with fragrant wafts
Of warm, sweet billows, all in Lady Life:
Then in the common salt there came a stir;
The sparkling crystals of its body rose
And magnified, till a salt statue stood
Above the table, glorious, crystalline,
And multiplied to statues for each man.
The statues, for the word-staff of the king,
Lifted, shone, marched, and wheeled, and whirled at last
Into each other; a colossal shape,
Finding a niche in that vast banquet hall;
Whilst the salt odor vanished, with a sound
Of water-bubbles, to its occult sea.
'Behold, we are in ease-time!' said the king.
'I brought a salt-care with me to the feast;
Knowing the land would need new saltiness;
So I was in the Service of the Salt.'

Fidelius met a silent, asking smile,
And fixed his large responsive eyes in mine,
Making an answering, much as thus to say,
'Peace grows and multiplies: there is a band
Without the archway, touching to come in:
Brief ease-time leads into the pleasure-time;
The Pleasure-Bringers wait without.'

They came.
The king took off his feast-coat; every guest;
They stood, transcendent men, Achilles-like,
And I stood with them, chancing to be so
As young Apollo, he whose son I am.

Grandeur in manhood grows magnificent
By the long rounds of service in delights,
That multiply through forming likenesses,
Shapen to wreath the luminous unself
In nervous outlines of divinity.

The Pleasure-Bringers entered: Woman loves
To robe her form in flowing loveliness,
Sweetly suggesting whilst envailing all;
But man she loves endearingly to greet
More by the solid outline to the eye.
So we all stood as habited to say,
'Behold our power, firm to your flowingness:'
But they were plumed as swans upon the stream.
Fidelia led these ladies of her court,
Entrancing, each made womanly divine;
No two resembling, yet enwreathing full
To the perfection of the sister-band;
A lady-wreath in Woman's harmony.

No man in heaven can hold his consciousness,
Tension of muscle or continuous thought,
Approached by Ladyhood in her divine,
Save as he draws full in the Social Man,
Thought, feeling, sense, all made insociate,
Formed to the order known as Godliness.
So we took aspect to this ladyhood,
And grouped around the table for a march;
Advancing thence in the word-motion so,
Till each dear lady took a knight's firm arm.
So, being in word-motion, pairs and pairs,
All in a stream of rich felicity
Brought by the lady-life, we entered where
Fidelia's social hall disclosed to sight.

15.

FIDELIUS IN CHAT.

‘Earth-clasper,’ said Fidelius to me,
When afterward we sat quite royally,
‘Being in man-time, now we may converse:
Our heavenly better seems just the reverse
Of the old homestead Earth, a place of fears.’
He touched my elbow till we laughed to tears;
He thinking, I know not; I thinking still,
Would God that I no more that barren hill,
The Earth, that so much grief and wrong defiles
Could see again, save as a bride that smiles.

Then spoke the monarch, ‘Hell is no bad place,
Nor earth, if heaven from its warm bosom-lace
Of glee should make a rapture to the spears
Of mortal pain. We look and there are tears.
Earth is a skeleton, set at the feast
Where countless kingdoms to the Lord God east;
And it reminds that, but for Him, alway
All heavens are in mortality’s decay.
And more, Earth serves to whet our appetite
For the sweet gifts, born of Lord God’s delight.

‘See how it is: there is a small place nigh;
If we the nostrils to that spot apply
There comes a stercoration that makes mad:
Our righteousness burns red for all he had,
To wrath that fires in us exceedingly:
Then we are in release of energy,

And thence must lead some force into the heat
Of people's love; till, grown again full sweet,
The Wiferies from the woodlands wake their call.
So we forget the Earth, that prison-ball.'

The king sat smilingly, a child-man he,
A child-man grown to man's full royalty.
Then twined the merry lines around his eyes:
He said, 'Great wisdoms from that ball arise:
Just look toward her, and she straight will woo
To feel and be and think and will and do
That which is opposite to God's intent.
So this makes mad again, till we find vent
In works of energetic excellence.
She stimulates our vigors to condense.
Damn her, she is a foul-mouthed wormy bitch;
I say this now because I feel the itch,
Borne through her smelling body to my nose:
Damn her from morning's birth to evening's close:
Of this I say, until my righteousness
Turns in me and puts on his pleasure-dress.'

I answered, "Majesty, your truth-of-good
Advances not as through the Saviorhood."
The king replied, 'Alas, it doth for you!
And therefore check me. I would not undo
Your love from any style of its delight;
But it was strange to view you, day and night,
Slaying your life for pismires, nature-seed;
Fat nature-grubs into your life that feed;
Asses who underneath your window bray,
'New Life, New Life.'—Forsake me, for I say
'Be damned,' while you exclaim 'be nursed, be fed:'
And I have often thought, that I would red

With judgment-fire, at once to penetrate
And slay them for you, little ones and great.
But then my nostrils open, and I scent
Stenches that from the treacherous périls vent,
Until my bowels open and I waste.
'Tis then the bitterness of death I taste;
And I am glad once more to think and be
Just as I am:—that world is naught to me.
I think of it, and fall to grief and spasm,
But find relief when I have made a chasm
That holds me to my ownness and my land;
Not bound to snake;—I in the People's band.
'Damn it,' my righteousness makes wrath to fire;
My People then desire in one desire,
And lift for me, by many loves that wing
To say, 'Exalt thy righteousness, O king!'

When he had grown a-cool and quieted,
I spoke, "That stench to me but pity led;
From pity on to grief, from grief to care."
He shook for laughter in his stately chair.
If but a pain is felt in all the land
Fidelius feels it through the people's band,
And eases not till there is full relief;
No drooping ear in all the People's sheaf.

He said again, 'Here comes my Bliss-by night.'
Fidelia entered, murmuring, 'Day's-delight,
The evening birds present a kissing bill.'
Shone golden-violet rays from hill to hill,
So I took hint.—Shall words like these be sent
Far to that savage Earth? the discontent
Is on me, and I would not be again
Torn by the wolf-rage of the nature-men,

16.

LONGING PATH.

Where the dew-flower gleameth,
Lifting bells of snow,
In the path that seemeth
White for maiden glow,
I glide, by longings led, to love in Lilimo'.

I, who fed with Anguish,
Drained her cup with Grief,
Now my pains extinguish
From their blazing sheaf:
The tears flow in mine eyes for waters of relief.

I will not be laden;
I will not be wet
As a drowning maiden,
By the floods beset,
To whirl by storm-in-storm, till powers their life forget.

I will not be harried
By the wolves of doom;
All my loves unmarried,
All their bowers a tomb.
The Earth I will forsake for Issa-Lily's bloom.

If my shade remaineth
 Vailed in sorrows there,
 Song by song unchaineth;
 Aye I will forbear
 To intervolve my form where terrors haunt the air.

I will fold mine essence
 Where the Life of Song
 Glides by joys in presence,
 Borne for gifts along;
 Where Ladyhood makes bliss and all her comforts throng.

17.

RAPTURE PATH.

When the many feel as one,
 Moon to moon and sun to sun;
 When the pulse of bridal heat
 Thrills the landscape through the feet;
 When the song of morning's bird
 Vibrates in the Marriage Word;
 Then the quickening world shall glow,
 All made blithe as Lilimo'.

Raptures weave into the lay;
 Motions in the song make sway;
 Powers that rise, mankind to free,
 Touch the brain by poesy.
 Little shall by man be felt,
 Till the ice of ages melt;



And the Man-Truth, Woman-wed,
Robed from all her blossomhead,
By the chain of hearts-in-hearts
Enters, and the death departs.

Chant with me this holy verse,
Wreathed as o'er the burial hearse.
I am singing in a drift;
Blossoms loose and blossoms lift.
Blooms of slumber, deep, intense,
Fold upon me, sense by sense,
Till I close, most like a flower,
Borne to grace my lady's bower;
And the eyelids droop and fall,—
Loveliest sight made last of all.

Who would waste and find regret?
Who would hold the sun from set,—
Sun of labor, sun of life,
From the firmament of strife,
Sinking in the azure sea
Of divine felicity?

Earth is now my under-world.
All benobled and begirled,
Robed and ringed in People's bloom,
I survey yet shun the doom.
I am caught to holy glees;
All Earth's proud insanities,
All its jars of trouble come,
Like the beatings of a drum,
Borne as from some ruined pile,
Where I meet the morning-smile.

18.

THOUGHTS BEFORE SLEEP.

The Genius of the Earth's new social order,
Is organized from center-throne to border,
And fashioned in Divine Man-Woman's plan
To shape the kingdom-queendom, Lilistan.

Arch Genius and Arch Beauty, all united,
All interwed, all bosomly delighted,
Lead by the Word-sway, blissfully entwined,
A People, one by sense, by heart and mind.

Here Labor glows, godlike for coronation,
Yet sympathy makes fire and emulation;
While powers of intellect rise vast and free,
Based in the common man's equality.

Man dwells within the brother, and outside
Of Brotherhood there is no skill to guide;
No power to gain, to give, to guard, to glow,
Till queenly woman lights her passion-bow.

Fraternity in man, through each to all,
Like the full ocean bounded in its wall,
Holds by a unity; including so;
Making each man to live, to feel, to know,
To think, to realize, to rule, to be
Fate-freedomed in one strong humanity.

Earth is a desert and it lies apart;
We view it by an exercise of art,
Yet see it distantly, strange, awful, wild;
A reeking labyrinth with horrors piled.

Earth's occult atmosphere, in ours distilled,
Is held, restrained and fought against and willed.
The People holds its climate, holds its air,
As on the Earth man guards the person, where
Prowling assassins haunt the shadowed night,
Or tainted winds bear pestilence in flight;—
Eternal vigilance each moment's price,
Paid for the safety of their paradise.

Last, nearest of the heavenly kingdoms this;
Therefore it brims the gold cup of its bliss
Where Manhood, by the sacred woman's charm,
Fashions the cup-lift from the mailed right arm.

The Lily Kingdom shakes from silver bells
Melodious fragrance o'er man's earthly hells;
But lifts with quivering lips of bloom to ray
Its warm, chaste splendors distantly away.

It holds, it hides; but, being ever born
To fold for evening as to fire for morn,
Its elements their overflow distill
On earthly bosoms for the breaths that fill.

Like the last arrows of the failing quiver,
Like the last wavelets of the ebbing river,
The energies, that have illumined so,
Mingle where the untreasured numbers flow.

The Land is gathering in as to divide;
 To weave into its orb, and so to slide
 Into the amplitude of Woman's grace;
 Touching but as by melody the race;
 Touching by sweet harmonious consent
 Of all its powers, formed full to one Event.

That End is in us: many have profaned
 And many scorned our gifts, all grief-bestained;
 But most have deemed them but a flying robe,—
 Illusions, such as dreams evoke to globe
 The mind in slumbers.—We are well content
 To emanate where we were immanent.

See! from our hands, that held red roses, fall
 The cold white wreaths, meet for the funeral pall.
 The pageantry of Earth, its pomps and powers,
 For that white vesture of the burial flowers,
 Must doff its gorgeous blazoned state, and veil
 Its forehead.—Earth survives when mortals fail:
 The Bridal World, whereto these numbers ran,
 Shall then take form and style from Lilistan.

19.

NIGHT.

All things make for Love's delight
 In the pure, enrapturing night;
 Leading on for labors gay
 Through the arms of bridal play.
 Did we seek the Planet's bliss
 Toiling in the world's abyss?
 Now we waft delights to man,
 Blithe in bosomed Lilistan.

XCIX.

She came, sweet Comfortress, warm arms entwining,
Arrayed in charms like as the lady June,
Gliding from bowers that hold the sun's declining,
On lips of dewy blossoms.—Mother Moon!
I saw the Lady-light that brings the boon
Of blissing-time, the light of rest and peace:
I felt my dear one's bosom all bestrewn,
Where her dissolving raiment made release,
With life-wealth, woven so from her divine increase.

C.

In heaven are many bridals: God the Lord
In God the Lady purely consummate
An endless marriage, whence the Bridal Word,
Their Being and its Form, thrills forth with freight
Of precious gifts, their own to consecrate:
So every bride-bed there is Christa's bed,
And, from the joys that were of earlier date,
New raptures, ardors, rise. Let hearts re-wed,
For Hymen there to them the eternal feast will spread.

CI.

Christus the Bridegroom!—this the name that He
Claimed by His own dear lips when veiled in sorrow.
He penetrated Earth by agony,
When men no rescue from the heavens might borrow,
And slew for them the desolate to-morrow,
The terror-time, beyond the grave revealed:
Yea, through all griefs that sacred life made furrow,
For the great marriage feast, so long concealed:—
Aye hath He toiled till now, making the dark a shield,

CII.

Where the Untruth of man has desecrated
 The virgin Faith and scorned her holiest hope;
 Where Unbelief bore on Earth's bosom, freighted
 With darkness from the deathful gloom, its cope;
 Where Superstition pierced the hearts that grope
 Through time's dim labyrinth, and wove their pall,
 His Bridal Being Christus giveth scope,
 Set with a kiss their bosoms to unthrall.
 He out-folds, He entwines, their being to enwall.

CIII.

Woman, we sang, is architectural.
 Beauty in Genius weaves the complements:
 Genius in Beauty lifts, returning all
 He gathered from all summer continents
 That hold their being in her elements.
 Man riseth ever from the woman sea,
 And in her folds again by full events:
 They circle in each other, glad and free;
 Felicity for aye forth-bringing Victory.

CIV.

I sat with Issa-Lily on a knoll;
 Sat lover-wise: she touched my golden stem
 And blushed; then kissed me as by soul-in-soul.
 All her sweet body as a diadem
 Shone, by each star-point made a living gem,
 And kindled in upon me modestly.
 She whispered, 'Hold no suffering for them,—
 The multitudes who long made griefs for thee:
 Divide into my life and intershine with me.'



CV.

I sat, with dewy eyes by joy made speechless,
Gazing into her depths of love divine.
'Let us,' she said, 'fold from our separate eachness,
And I will be thy form, and thou be mine.'
She kissed into me by her passion-sign;
Then I took beauty for my outer style,
And wove about her as a wreathing vine;
But she took genius loftily the while,
And beamed upon me then with proud and splendid smile.

20.

MORN SONG.

In the trumpets of the Morn
Folds my limpid lyric horn,
And I bid the numbers flow
Bridal-sweet from Lilimo'.

What are sorrows? what are fears?
Mortal grievings, mournful tears?
I behold them lying low,
Vanishing from Lilimo'.

What is pain that wrings the breast?
What bereavement all distress?
Even bliss, as bliss-in-woe,
Finds no home in Lilimo'.

God is made, from sense to sense,
Rapturous omnipotence,
Where the Mother Moon makes shew
O'er deep bosomed Lilimo'.



CVI.

Poor Christendom was not so much to blame:

Those were but pigmy peoples, hardly men,
Whom apostolic crucifers, with flame
Of fiery tongues, drew to the sheep-folds then:
God's city grew, but held no citizen.—

Felicity in Victory unfurled,

Where the first anarchy would have made his den,
A Bridal Word of myriad joys imperaled;
Breaths in the common air, a silent force that whirled.

CVII.

'Twas in that silent force God Christus fought

By gentle energies in palpitation;
Chance flushing here for liberated thought,
There for contrition, there for adoration,
Until self-lust failed for self-abnegation.

Where'er a maid held God in thought of lover,

The Bridegroom touched by sacred osculation:
For woman's bridal being Christ above her
Shadowed by worth divine, her shame to close and cover.

CVIII.

Wherever two were doing for the better,

His energies were in them for the best.
Not for the men who forged the curséd fetter,
That chains the word-girl to the beast-man's breast;
Not for the men who wrought, by spells unblest,
Life-tombs within earth's catacombs, where coil
The serpents who protrude with horn or crest,
To feed the under-world with precious spoil
That woman's wealth imparts:—against them did He toil.

CIX.

All this, even this, I read in Lilimo';
 Read history by its interior sense;
 Read as the eyes, through lines of burial snow,
 Might penetrate where slumbering Innocence
 Dreams in a wormy grave: the foul offence
 Of dissolution wraps her like a shroud.
 Her eyes, that light not for the solar glance,
 Are gathered like the star-mist in a cloud,
 Dark, sullen, thrice profound, from superstition bowed.

CX.

Man's wisermost with woman's bettermost
 Lies, twain-one, tranced within their common tomb,
 In the still Commune of the Holy Ghost:
 There socially their secret lives make bloom,
 All gifted and all giving. Where the doom
 Of outer strife wrecks their divided lives;
 Where they are whirled, in many a frenzied stroom,
 To fold each other's forms with gyves on gyves,
 Their outness but reveals; their inness here survives.

CXI.

God Man, God Woman, Pitiful and Tender!
 Hear ye this Blessedness: be words a-lit
 To drop in dewy points and make a splendor
 For those lost eyes, deep in Earth's burial pit.
 Shatter the mighty shrine built over it,
 Where Lust envelopes Faith, distilling ice.—
 Ye hear, I know, Ye in the Judgment sit,
 And Ye shall burst that grave, and say, 'Arise!'
 The orb shall bloom that day and fashion paradise.

CXII.

The Commune of the Holy Ghost, 'tis there!
'Heaven is within you,' spake the Savior-Master.
When the sweet Bridegroom opes for bosomed air,
Genius and Beauty end Earth's long disaster.
Speed, mighty whirl! speed, flame-wind, faster, faster!
Soul of the Orb, arise to Heaven's white fire;
Enter the human worm, the planet-waster.
Transpose thy lips, O Nature! drink desire:
Taste the immortal kiss, till all thy ills expire.

CXIII.

The Song is dead that held from agony
To gladness; thus by forty years I played,
And men piped not and danced not for the glee,
That by the charming of the Muse displayed:
They scorned, those sons of Luxury and Trade:
They pushed at me with daggers in their horns:
Their traitorous instinct rose and oft betrayed.
Uplifted now to the eternal morns,
Song weaves a crown of fire; no more a crown of thorns.

CXIV.

Men cursed, I blessed; men cursed, I blessed the more,
Until my name grew Blessedness: from under
The cross that weighed me on that path of gore
I lift and draw the swift electric thunder.
For Earth, that tore its marriage robe asunder,
Drunk with the venom of the Fallen Star,
I weave swift words in love and awe and wonder;
I meet the morning; I am borne afar
By victory's flaming steeds in Christ-Apollo's car.



CXV.

The labor-snakes, the bloated parasites,
Who feed in Labor's sacred earthly shape;
The tape-worms coiling for obscene delights,
Who in that body gender by a rape;
Gaily they dream that death shall make escape
Where priestly arts assoil their evil host;
That they shall from the earthly pall undrape
To forms angelical, to feed and boast
On God's own Being, made their continent and coast.

CXVI.

Man-eaters first, God-eaters last, they carry
Presumption to its foul insane extreme:
By the false conscience, creed-enwrought, they parry
The truth-blade in true conscience bare to gleam:
They haunt upon the sacred breasts that stream
With milkiness drawn from the Mother's wine:
The Woman People's paps they suck: they dream;
The fool saith in his heart, 'All this is mine;
The Woman People toils that I may feed and shine.'

CXVII.

They rich upon her, by such fulness fed;
The Woman People, old, with wrinkled skin,
Whose sons are conscripted, from worth unwed,
To slay each other for each Tyrant Sin,
Where lust of empire breaks through battle din,
To lead with blood and fire and rape and death,
From land to land; whose virgin daughters win
But scath and scorn, or taste with shuddering breath
From Nature's lips but gall for all she promiseth.



CXVIII.

“Love me,” I said to Issa, “love me lowly:”

For she enwound me by the lowliness.

Her bosom’s wealth she opened, sweetly, slowly,

And then sobbed to me, and I felt the stress

Of the great People in her holiness,

By liquid billows gliding, gleaming, glancing:

I felt the rapture-globes that aye express

Wine for the Savior-lip; felt as advancing,

Thrilled on the Peoples’ floor by Ladyhood in dancing.

CXIX.

I felt the Common People; felt the thrill

That undulates through Lilistan for pleasure,

From Lord Christ’s mind in Lady Christa’s will;

Drawn each in each a bridal strength to measure.

Close, thou earth-folded sky, thy veil of azure,

Starred, all as poesy with flowers of gold;

Bid the warm wandering airs their cups distreasure;

Dissolve thy liquid life to vapors cold;

Then make thyself a robe, the planet to enfold.

CXX.

Because I am so blest, so comforted,

I pray God, Lord and Lady,—from soft eyes

Where the Word’s ardor is to sweetness wed,

Make outshine, inshine where the word-seed dies.

Thou Hymen, unto whom I sacrifice,

Loosen the song-robcs, fragrant, hymeneal;

Distill the virtues of this paradise,

Where Thy own Preciousness is throned most real,

And sanctify that seed below for her ideal.

21.

TRANSPPOSITION.

The Christian world is fed with balderdash:
The holy ghost of credit, god the cash,
The jesus of sweet promise, of these three
Are made the Sentimental Trinity.—
'Forbear,' said Issa; 'keep thy thought at home.'
I answered, "Teach me nevermore to roam:
I joy for comfortings by the embrace
Of all kind blisses in this kissing place;
But, when I think into my shadow-style,
I glimpse beyond it, to a wormy pile
Of minds fanatical, and weave and turn."

She said, 'Yea, truly; then your thought makes burn
To flame upon them by the righteousness;
But now we will arise. I pray you, dress
My body from the outness of your own.'
She wafted so a wish-thought: joys unknown
Grew in me to the lapse of consciousness.
I was transposed; a girl by outward dress.
While she, wrought from her sweetness to a joy,
Shone there a vision of my me, a boy;
And I was modest-coy and she was brave;
And all my fullness trembled as a wave;
And all her being firmed me as a land;
And all her sentient force in me made stand,
And I was deluged by a kissing rain,
Until we re-transposed our forms amain.

'Suppose that some should slay you for your verse,—
 I mean, should they your shadow-form disperse,
 Would you care much?' said Issa; I cried, "Nay,
 The rapture-lights would from the form display.
 Welcome they are upon that shade to wreak
 Their cruelties; perhaps the wraith might speak,
 If marble-cold it lay upon the bier;—
 And we might enter it; for many a year
 Inweaving and outweaving, till we made
 Two shapes from one, and so to earth displayed
 The Genius and the Beauty that we are;
 Wreathed as the gold flames from a double star."

22.

THE BRIDEGROOM IN THE MORN.

Why should we grieve or weep
 Where Earth denies?
 And why our lives enheap
 For sacrifice?
 The years are all fulfilled
 When such things were:
 No more the gold flames gild
 That sepulcher.

Why should we milk the wine
 From Love's rich globes,
 Where men but dream supine
 Till death disrobes?
 Why should the Lily trail
 Her bridal dress,
 Where sorrows beat as hail
 From Time's distress?

Why make our lives the sport
 Where Hatred stings?
 Why feel God's bosom hurt
 For all it brings?
 The Mother's form distained
 Through toil to tears,
 Where miseries profaned
 And pierced the years?

But now my lips burn red:
 I strive, I storm:
 I rise from Issa's bed,
 A Bridegroom warm.
 My thoughts I turn away
 From years that died.
 God shines to make the day,—
 God, in the bride.

CXXI.

The wilds of Theosophic speculation
 Teem with vague images of many creeds.
 Earth's pregnant mind bears many a generation
 Of deities, part fashioned from its needs.
 Thinkers, upon the wild Mazeppa-steeds,
 Stripped naked, scourged by fiery thoughts that press,
 Urge, while the quivering heart for anguish bleeds,
 A dying flight through time's vast wilderness:
 For revelations they but fantasies possess.

CXXII.

They, as Mazeppa in that tortured flight,
See thought's vast landscape, rising, fading, whirling;
The world beneath, the heaven above in light
And splendor twined with horrors, wreathing, curling.
Closed in from all the Upper Life's impearling,
They fling their naked breasts on Wisdom's sword:
Impetuous Nature, all sharp weapons hurling,
Leaves them at last in shadowed depths interred:
Her arms their lives entwine; not theirs our Bridal Word.

CXXIII.

So, when I look from bosomed Lilistan,
Religion's palace and its social seat,
The Earth confronts me by morasses wan,
Where gods of all the superstitions meet
My vision; closing there with clinging heat
Or deadly cold from the vast human corse;
Feeding on all that once the years made sweet;
Nursing contentions; slaying by remorse;
Making the good infirm, the baseness more and worse.

CXXIV.

Men are encompassed by unreal specters:
Life, in a dance of vaporous illusion,
For the divine ambrosias and nectars
Makes food and drink from truths in dissolution;
Poisoned by falsehoods: so, by the transfusion
Diseased, enfeebled, men are made to spin
Through wildering mazes of insane confusion.
From each old death-dance, new-made rounds begin,
And they the dance who lead,—their names are Death and Sin.



CXXV.

Life is a comedy, whose deeds are tragic;
Life is a farce, with murders in its play;
Life a brutality that fills with magic,
And those by magic ruled the most are they
Who scorn the occult, and deny the sway
That secret forces hold o'er outward things.
Life is sepulchral, with a foul decay
All shrouded over as when Summer sings,
And the masked Death plumes gay for wreath-robcs that she flings.

CXXVI.

A Knight stood by me, a centurion.
'Tis time,' quoth he, 'for Majesty to rise:
Our legs are pillared by the lifted sun:
The splendor of the morning golds our eyes.
Bring forth, bring forth, set wisdom to the skies:
Set God into the day's intelligence.
I am to-day your help-lift; Beauty plies
Through the brave Genius to the final sense.
Rise by the rod, O king! by Truth in Innocence.'

CXXVII.

I rose: a sudden vigor gifted me.—
Thus rose the Savior from the shadowed pall.
Then the centurion, smiling placidly,
Brought forth a speech-robe. For the sound of call
A marshal entered, and he led a ball
Of glorious tissue from his weaving-hand.
Then, as when shadows from the landscape fall
And glowing day illuminates the land,
I stood arrayed in robes of potence and command.

CXXVIII.

I felt my all, for Bridal Truth, enwoven
In the fate-freedom of the Common Good;
My lips by people's knowledges were cloven:
The bosom, from its palpitating flood
Uplifted in the people's socialhood,
Rose to firm force, all childly yet sublime.
The blithe centurion met the rising mood,
So I went forth into the service-time;
The thoughts awakening so as joy-bells to their chime.

CXXIX.

There comes on Earth an end of disputation:
Truth is approved by life, not argument.
Being as one who serves in public station,
I entered by the lowest place, content
To touch the foot-soles of the Land's event.—
'Tis a good bread, warm, palatable, brown,
That nourishes the people; 'the consent
Of God in men is tasted there, adown
From brain-lips to the feet, from foot-lips up to crown.

CXXX.

One sat beside me,—surely Godliness,
Sat at the table's foot,—and smiled to see
How exquisite the People's happiness
Grew in the common bread, a-feeding me.
He said, a mirthful twinkle pleasantly
Meanwhile illumining his quiet eyes,
'The common wealth of the Community,
The common joy, by peace in pleasure plies,
And through this common gift, the common good makes rise.

CXXXI.

‘Taste triumph! for the victories of Toil,
O’er the contentions that mankind degrade,
O’er the oppressions that mankind despoil,
Rise in our viands, and are so arrayed
As kisses from the ripe lips of a maid
When she is formed a wife. Behold my hands!’
In them I saw red prints, like those displayed
By Him who swung, clad all with martyr bands,
For the eclipse of death o’er old judean lands.

CXXXII.

‘Behold, thou son,’ he said, ‘I introduce.
I set thee here; the People’s feet are mine.’
He lifted in magnificence of use,
And spake in words whence thunders rolled divine;
Spake gently, tenderly, ‘Behold My sign,
My emblem: take this serving man to you,
That he may serve in you the bread and wine.
From all My word-gifts leading through and through;
That he may will My will, and in My doing do.’

CXXXIII.

Thence I took courage, warm and mightily;
The People’s servant and no more its guest;
Made as a Victory in Felicity;
As Genius by its Beauty all possest.—
Then it was said that I should make a rest,
And be in quietude for some small space.
Knighthoods and ladybands encircling prest:
Tears trickled from my hands and feet and face;
The living waters flowed, then shone to the embrace.

CXXXIV.

One said, 'O king! beginst thou by baptizing?'

I answered, "Verily I do; the swell
Of a great blessing-flood, imparadising
The life in virtues, billows through my shell.

When I below wrought by the wisdom-spell
Amid mankind, bereaving and betraying,

These waters gathered in me, sweet to tell.
Methought they chafed, they languished for delaying:
To liberty they rise; joys in the fountains playing."

CXXXV.

Upon my hand I wear the People's ring:

Full in my staff the People's might makes stand:
Therefore, I am in Lilistan a king;

A servant in the Commune of the Land,
Where knighthood forms in one pure lady-band.

As 'Blessedness' my gift-name I record,

And as a flower of endless days expand,
Touching for bliss the violets of the sward;
Folded in People's worth; son-daughter of the Lord.

23.

JOYS IN RISE.

The Bride Bird through the people's wings
Makes plumes of peaceful shadowings.
The Land, with all its knightly host,
Is bosomed by the Holy Ghost.

From hearts of love light eyes of fire;
On lips of labor glows desire,
Till the glad land from sea to sea
Finds in its law divinity.

Great peace and nothing to offend!
Beginnings glide to God, their end.
Ends to their new beginnings flow,
Through people's bliss, from God aglow.

If the Ideal weaves and wears
Below through chains of endless cares,
Here she moves on by joys that glide,
And shews the Goddess in the bride.

CXXXVI.

Embodied in the People's righteousness,—
God's righteousness, formed in the Commune's worth,—
I set my word-staff and for gladness press
Song-grapes of joy in goblets of the earth:
For now the New Time in the verse takes birth,
And the Old Time, as a dissolving stone,
Touched by the warm lips of the Savior-mirth,
Melts like the ice-cliffs that the seas disown:
For good shall come increase, for ill oblivion,

CXXXVII.

Now they who made of human kind a chattel,
 Caught in the baseness of their gilded sin;
 For whom the labor-people, driven as cattle,
 Have bled to feed the flesh they fester in,—
 For them the weavings of the doom begin.
 Soon there shall be on Earth one Common Man,
 For whose bright vestitures shall Woman spin
 Her social holiness, and set the span
 Of her enorbing grace his being to disban.

24.

THE COMING LOVE.

Love is coming to dispel
 Wrongs that made the earth as hell.
 Love is coming to renew:
 Taste in song for blossom-dew.
 All by fitnesses she weaves
 Lives into her bridal sheaves;
 Lifts the gold-flower from its stem;
 Shews the lily diadem.

Love is coming, swift to press
 Lips that disenchant distress
 Of its powers to hurt or harm,
 Spell-bound by her wifely charm.
 Plant the may-pole on the green;
 Dress it for the may-day queen.
 O'er the fiends with blade and brand,
 Warlike weaves the Sister Band.



Where the drowsy priests intone,
 Lips, like blossomed roses grown,
 Waft the odors of the May:
 Earth makes peace for Lady-day.

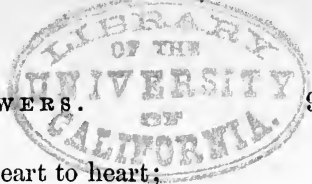
Sweet, my Sweet! uplifted so
 In the Brideland's passion-glow,
 Verse but fashions from the art
 Where thy loves for gifts impart.
 I was lonely, I was old,
 Buried in time's arctic cold:
 Now my song finds voice and wing;—
 Thou my Summer, grown from Spring.

So I leave the lady June,
 All with broidered wealth bestrewn,
 Gliding where the raptures ply
 Through the coming one, July.
 Romeo meets his Juliet,
 Bride and wife but maiden yet,
 Clasping him with arms of glee
 From her palace balcony.

25.

ISSA'S KNIGHTS.

'My knights, my knights! for you I wing
 Songs of delivering breath.
 Word-bugles call and word-blades ring.'
 'Tis thus my Lady saith.



Word-clarions peal from heart to heart;
 Ring in the swift desires.
 Rise, champions, for the savior-art,
 While savior-song inspires.

The Goddess of the garter knits
 Your knees; ye are her knights.
 Time in its dying shadow flits,
 Then fails for Her delights.

So now She lifts her passion-cross
 For may-tree on the green,
 And leads you on from strife and loss,
 To glow her girls between.

26.

CHRISTA : FREEDOM.

The Goddess Freedom wove the band
 Of fate to fold Her Western Land
 From Britain's curse that wrought the wrong.
 She rose by many a hero strong:
 By fire-words that shall never die,
 She formed her spirit in July,
 Till the full harmonies made play
 The first proud Independence day.

With sneer and sniff and scorn and scowl,
 Caitiffs of caste and creed and cowl
 Spurn the great Labor-day, that won
 When Freedom nursed young Washington.

Break forth to song, pine woods of Maine;
White hills repeat, bear on the strain;
Thrill ye, to lowlands far away,
Reborn for Massachusetts bay.
New England lifted to the hilt;
Freedom the coming sword-thrust felt,
And, as the Maiden of the drum,
Beat the alarm at Lexington.

The plain God-fearing Puritan
Wrought here for righteousness in man.
Christ rose, from Britain disinterred,
In him to fashion for His Word.
'Twas His, the blood they sought to spill,—
Red coats who charged on Bunker Hill.
'Twas Him they met,—His bosom wet,
Pierced by the British bayonet.
The revolution was His dress;
In it flamed Christ the Righteousness.

Sons of New England, breathe again:
To Freedom lift by prayer as then.
The Briton's curse, that newly plies
Where Mammon's offspring luxurize,
Resist, repulse by fiery stress;
Thrust back to doom the harlotress.
Place sword-hands to Christ's awful thighs;
Enswear to Him your chivalries.
Lift for the Labor Queen; her curls,
Gold-brown, enwreath the New England's girls.
Rise and repulse the larvae from Her,
That seek your Christ to sepulcher.

CXXXVIII.

Time has a prophet and his name is Blaine;
 Another prophet, who is styled Parnell.
 From new Mount Sinai, high in rocky Maine,
 To sad Ierne, made a labor-hell,
 Plumed notes make echoings for Britain's knell.
 Wakes Ireland, still by priestly beldames nurst:
 The Woman People, germed in Albion's shell,
 Stirs, the white tyranny to pierce and burst:
 Humanity awakes to smite her foe accurst.

CXXXIX.

Harness the war-steeds to the dragon's car:
 Hew by the priesthoods; slaughter by the lines
 Where the shrewd Plutocrats wage bitter war:
 Ravage the hills where Liberty envines:
 Enrape in Womanhood, as in the mines
 Where she enrays her silver-golden glow;
 Till each black son of desolation shines
 As a false god, splendid for murderous woe.
 Ye meet at last, at last, the Lady of the Snow.

CXL.

And She will smite you as the Winter smites:
 And She will kill you as the Winter kills.
 From the twin mountains of Her orb'd delights
 She will flow forth upon you, till the rills
 Of your false passion-fires wreathe icicles.
 No more a Royal Henry, Royal George;
 A regal swinehood gorging for their swills!
 The Woman of the Waters shall emerge,
 Where Her white snows dissolve, to claim ye for their surge.

CXLI.

Upon what cruelties do Ages turn!
 In what solemnities do Ages die!
 The aged Heavens have all forgot to yearn;
 Their sweetest Womanhoods for vengeance cry,
 'Lord-Lady, for thy bride-bed, made a sty,
 Make hasting, ending.' Nought remains but this.
 Divine Pandora, lead lost hope a-fly.
 Time's ravished casket,—made as an abyss,—
 Lead through it raptured Hope, fulfilled in common bliss.

27.

SUN-KISS.

The sun-kiss on the mountain blanche
 Loosens at last the Avalanche:
 The smallest of the human thrills
 May free the cold that winter-kills,
 And liberate, where sun-storms ply,
 The fiery splendors of July.

Ah, what a moment shall be then!
 A world in fetters loosed again:
 Motions in motions, glees in glees;
 Attractions wrought to destinies.
 Attractions govern, wheresoe'er
 The breathing whirls their sway declare.
 Dies one? he draws to those who die.
 Lives one? he lives with those who sigh
 For sweetness to the Mother's breast,
 And so of death are dispossess.

So all in whom the Martyr dwells
Are loosened from the labor-hells.
Attractions govern: then the bliss
Of God, felt in the labor-kiss,
Repeals the death-strewn planet's curse:
The Commune rises, as a verse
Woven of melodies divine:
Christ blossoms in the labor-vine.

So ends, for once, for good, for all,
The reign of the Conventional.
So comes, wherever Ill departs,
The kingdom of the hearts-in-hearts.
I set my word-staff in a wreath
Of corn-flowers from the labor sheaf:
It lilies forth above the corn;
It goldens for the harvest morn.

Yea, He will reap this field, gold-wan,—
God Christus made the husbandman;
And all the wastes that War begores
Shall be His joyous threshing-floors.
He who has God-seed in His purse
Shall weave gay bride-beds from the hearse:
Then many maids shall thrill for glee,
As Mary once at Bethany.

Yet now the lower sight is gone;
Sad Earth I cease to gaze upon.
Home-winged thoughts like doves make flight
To bridal woodlands of delight.
How exquisite to dwell, where all,
Enfranchised from the labor-thrall,
Embrace in one the common good,
And Manhood reigns by Ladyhood!

CXLII.

When one awakens in the formed effect,
Warm from the sweetness of the night's bestowing,
He feels the sweet, mysterious architect,
Still by a presence through the frame aglowing.
Here let me be discreet of her avowing:
'Tis thus in heaven the generative play,
Through every faculty of form pursuing,
By every process of God's passion-ray,
Wreathes in man's final form a Word-flower to the day.

CXLIII.

So wakening leads by all the stem erective;
Myriads of tiny blisses in sensation
Thrilled there to consciousness for the objective,
And man thinks there, to wake by adoration.
A man of twainness, filled by impregnation
Of Mother-bliss in Father-worth complete,
He wakes new-born,—all powers in re-creation,—
And, when the word-flower folds into its seat,
The sense of life in God nerves him to find his feet;

CXLIV.

Lifting Felicity in Victory;
Intense for vigors but in all pacific;
His being made one moving harmony
With odors that oppose the earth's mephitic.
He feels that earth, with all its ills terrific,
By sounds below as from a distant drum.
Its vast effect, as by one hieroglyphic,
Shews the earth's falseness in its final sum.—
That lust-force fails below; hither it may not come.

CXLV.

Earth's lust-force makes the last resistance-point:

He stands in thought a Word-flower, full event,
Armèd in God's chastity from joint to joint;

So, moving with a perfect, sure content,

For all his doing made benevolent,
For all its purposes made full and strong;

He enters where, by archways of consent,

The lady-bands invite him with a song,

And knighthoods in their grace group gladsome throng by throng.

CXLVI.

He finds each knight like as his other being;

And now the wonder grows deliciously;

Sense opens to a universal seeing:

Each in transfiguration splendidly

Beams like an angel from God's passion-sea;

Each from his life breathes for an overlay,

Till he is robed from their society,

And, by the gliding choir of breaths in play,

His place is oped for him, set in their vast array.

CXLVII.

Behold what mannering of gifts entwine,

That God has wrought for those who love His ways:

They enter, by such mystery divine,

To be in blessing, each a form of praise;

To dwell in comfortings; yet no amaze

Bewilders them; still in each present hour

The All-sufficing God from dream and daze

Holds them in one full symmetry of power;

As if God were the Root, the Stem, whence each makes flower.



CXLVIII.

Woman is architect'ral for God's pleasure:
She weaves a baby as I weave a song.
Genius in Beauty finds a worthful treasure:
She builds him up, made in the God-word strong;
But he is Beauty's road-way, and along
Life's occult avenues her chariots drive.
Palmyra shewed for crowned Zenobia's throng
No such processions as where wives in-wive,
That husband-world from them full splendor may derive.

CXLIX.

Woman, from her divine community,
Leading to man by endless sweet concession,
Forms for a sky that holds divinity,
Shining into him for the day's possession.
So Manhood holds for labor's vast procession.
I sat with Labor in its glorious hall:
There woman's gift; by charms of its fruition,
Made richesses of thought: God, all in all,
Lifted in bosom's rise; flowed full in bosom's fall.

CL.

Aye to enlarge the popular liberty!
This is the primal function of a king;
Formed in the center of Society;
Enorbed in man of woman, ring by ring;
The people's life about him flowering,
He touches from its inness to extremes.
The service of his daily minist'ring
Is to weave order from vast occult themes;
Leading new order forth as swans upon the streams.



CLI.

The Genius of the kingdom's welfare hovers
Above his genius; power, that wings to birth
From the Arch Genius, through his mind discovers
By splendid features of formative worth.
The king is made for social bringing forth;
Genius in Beauty fashions by delights.
The word-staff, that is flowered in bridal mirth,
Touches through all the People by God's might:
Order in man takes form as ladyhood invites.

CLII.

A king in heaven is known by the effect;
Known by the gold-flower fashioned in his rod.
He is Chrysanthæus, by the mind erect,
Wrought for conceptual word-display from God:
Thence he is Blessedness, all violet-shod
And blossomed upward, to the loftiest sense,
From gifts that grew where Spring, THE MOTHER, trod
And robed him all from Her magnificence;
In Her to form for powers; by virtues to dispense.

CLIII.

He is the servant of the people's ends,
And wrought to feel to such extreme sensation
That the Land's want into the feet ascends,
Making from sense to thought full revelation.
He crowns not o'er the land by an elation,
But occupies the center-point of needs;
Finds the incipient by such ministration;
Serves the Great Mother where Her life proceeds,
And channels for the ways wherein Her stream She leads.

28.

ISSA'S POSY.

She brought me a posy; 'twas fashioned
From Ladyband's morning gifts:
Now all by a song impassioned
It blossoms and breathes and lifts.

Through Issa's heart, as a maiden,
The life of the Mother ran:
It grew for her worth full-laden;
It circled for Lilistan.

If, low in the Earth's resistance,
I toiled for the kingdom there,
She wrought by the Word's persistence,
To fashion its features fair.

I drew from her blossomed beauty;
I wrought from her builded worth;
Her pleasure flowed in my duty;
Her Word in my work grew forth.

My life,—it was made a scripture
For aye from that Word-wrought bloom;
And now in her architecture
I triumph beyond the doom.

29.

JULY: WASSAIC.

In the deep dim wildernesses,
Where July lets fall her tresses,
Wafting saintly, wafting sweetly,
 For the fragrances divine,
I have found a poet's mansion,
Breasting so to Earth's extension
That it touches, faintly, fleetly,
 To an olden home of mine.

In the shade Wassaic floweth;
Through the lonely glen it sheweth,
Arched by hemlocks, deeply bowered,
 Wafting odor as the pine.
There, from sweetness far to sadness,
I behold a form of gladness,
All in nature-life dim-flowered,
 Weaving shape like this I twine.

Thinking deeply of its waters;
Thinking dearly of the daughters,
Who began their lives to fashion
 There for Earth's new Sister-band,
Through my shade its apparition
Journeyed so, and as a vision
Weaving forth through Nature's passion,
 I behold the image stand:

In the lines of the Ideal;
Feeling through the seeming real;



Drawing substantanced thoughts and feelings
That were buried to expand.
Joys that fainted into sorrow,
As the years in griefs made furrow,
Robe the image by revealings;
Shape a bloom-staff in its hand.

'Tis July, the fervid bringer,'
Spake the Poet there, the singer,
Weaving words by mystic numbers
That this melody repeats;
'From the memories that molder,
Growing wearier and colder,
In the foliage of their slumbers,
Draws the spirit of their sweets.

'Tis July with fervent kisses,
From the over-world of blisses,
Glides through all the earthly old-land:
Swift the heart of Nature beats.
Died a kindness in sore travail?
'Tis July whose lips unravel,
Till the summer's wealthy gold-land
Folds an eden from her feats.'

Still he sang, 'Dost thou remember?
'Twas the Muse who said, 'December
From thy life should lift and kindle
Made as Mary of the May.'
She inspired, for gifts instilling;
Flooding so thy heart and filling:
She the Lady of the Spindle,
Weaving mercy-robcs away.

'She, whose Father was Apollo,
 In that shade-encircled hollow,
 Held her sylvan court, attended
 By the couriers of the day.
 She, the Manifold Rejoicing,
 By July makes summer voicing;
 Draws the old life, warm and splendid,
 In new being to array.'

CLIV.

Earth's devil still is Opportunity.

Wolves will be wolves and propagate their kind
 Till God shall make arrest of cruelty:

Therefore I stood as an embattled mind

Leading arrest, by occult force, to bind
 Diseased, debasing Powers, that make for crime.

I sought to conquer Earth from the unkind,
 To bring the ardors of a new-born prime,
 And realize the Word of Life in space and time.

CLV.

I sought to fold man's natural liberty

In the divine by endless operation;

To substitute for discord harmony;

To end the years of human degradation.

Here, where I stand by thoughts in elevation,
 The concept of my life shews like a scroll:

Its darkness kindles to illumination.

That life,—it held a form of thought and soul,
 And God abode therein to compass and control.

CLVI.

I was on Earth as but a word-wind plying,
By songs of life, through Time's drear wilderness,
To the sublimer world of heaven's enskying.—
The past is past, but its results possess
My being; with full floods of tenderness
I flow to that mankind where I have bled;
By gifts of holiness in righteousness
Seeking to feed as I was never fed;
Where those I served the best with daggers pierced my bed.

CLVII.

Pause, pause! of those dread years I must not open:—
I should not: they are dead and buried now.
They are but echoes from vain words, that broken
Die into speechlessness beneath the brow
Of the bright summit, made my feet to strew.
Thou Earth! forgiveness and forgetfulness,—
These be the parting gifts: thou shalt endow
With cool sweet opiates that the dews express,
Where God is made as Night, for thy last sleep to bless.

CLVIII.

'Tis sweet to hear the song-horns on the hills.
The day has passed its prime; the kingdom folds
Into the quietude, and joy distills
From each nectareous fount where Woman holds
The vigor that in knightliness embolds,
Making the labor-time thrice beautiful.
Each brow from the imperial noon engolds;
Softens for tenderness; the force-winds lull;
Life's love-tree sheds ripe fruit, for Labor's hand to cull.



CLIX.

See the Industrial Armies, gay, disbanded !

Labor is glorified in Love, its home :

The brotherhoods in sisterhoods are wanded :

The labor-joys, to eminence that clomb,

Retire where wifehood, all in sparkling foam

Of wreathing joy-robcs, billows for repose.

They meet, they feast beneath God's pleasure-dome :

The land for social sweetness overflows.

Woman, reflowered in man, her noon-day gift bestows.

CLX.

High twelve! the Craft from labor to refreshment

Pass, for the Glorious Master in the East

Leads where the ladyhood, by dear enmeshment,

Weaves them by many a commune to her feast.

Now, now, the mighty music-winds released

Charm the blithe knightships at her tables round,

From God, for God, in God, to God increased.

Wake, harps and viols, for triumphal sound!

The King of kings this day in many sons is crowned.

CLXI.

One said to me, 'O king! here is your place;

Here at the table's foot. Behold how sweet

It is to sit and form a bosom-grace

Up through the serving men who sit at meat.'

The word-staff made a sword and shone complete

In living lightnings; through it formed and ran

Reposes, mirths, joys that by feast-time greet

The righteous households of the social man.

'A pledge,' they cried ; I gave "Christus the Artisan!"

CLXII.

They stood; the glasses filled; they pledged each other;
Lip touched to lip in that sweet wine: they drew
All as one mighty-minded, glorious Brother;
Shone as transfigured in the Savior-view.
'Christus the Artisan!' it rose, and through
Soul into soul and life in life it sped:
Their lips enkindled from the blissing-dew.
The feast was ended: with a martial tread,
Circling that stately hall, in joyous dance they led.

30.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

Shades of the Revolution fall,
Wreathed over Independence Hall.—
Their names they sign to Freedom's scroll
Yet hear in thought the death-drums roll.
They pledge to God in Freedom's wine,
Yet feel in thought the death-cord twine.
'Twas Freedom's Word that in them spoke;
Yet to respond was to invoke
Minerva of the spear and shield;
The Goddess of the battle-field.

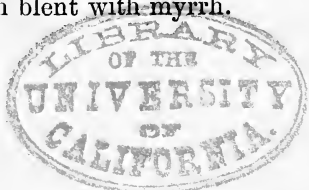
Quivered the seed of William Penn;
The gainful, godly, timorous men.
No tremor shook the hands that wrought,
The minds, with death-dooms in the thought,
Who urged to wing, for ages free,
The flaming scroll of Liberty.
Hells trembled from the shades below:
Heavens thrilled for it from heights aglow.

The prophet Jefferson who heard,
 That scripture traced from Freedom's Word.
 See there, oh see, what shadowy lines!
 Star-flower in Passion-Cross entwines.
 There Franklin speaks, serene, august;
 Soul-wrought in resurrection-dust.
 'The Truth-in-Love, the One-in-Twain,—
 Her dews made independence-rain.
 She led,—Her footsteps did not fail,—
 Triumph through independence-hail.
 She touched the Future for its gates:
 She trod in the United States.

'Saw we Columbia? yea, we saw
 The Goddess, Liberty-in-Law;
 The glorious Image,—Woman-Man.
 We felt, we knew the Artisan.—
 Peace to our shadows comes at last:—
 They were disquieted; the vast
 Oppressions of Britannia led
 Storms through the rest that made their bed.
 But now we see the Goddess ray:
 She whirls for Independence Day.'

 CLXIII.

Far forth I looked to Britain's labor-pit,
 Girt by embattled frauds, the lives enchain-
 A dense, sepulchral vapor grew from it,
 The land by a mephitic gloom distaining.
 Then white lights closed around me, unprofaning
 The vision. England's Ancient Commoner
 Met me again, and said, 'Corpse-lights are waning;
 The woe of womankind flows out from her,
 All as a dying scent; the rose-breath blent with myrrh.



CLXIV.

'You call me 'Commoner,' but there is one
In whom that ruined people forms to reach.
Gladstone they name him; he the statesman-son
Of Laud and Pym, but born as through the breech,
And nourished on the slimes where schoolmen teach
Of pious frauds by epithets untrue.
Holds he the Lord God's belly in his speech?
He is a prophet, sowing Britain through
With fiery discontents, till Ruin bids 'pursue.'

CLXV.

'He liberates the Land's destructiveness;
Whets the sharp knife and shapes the scaffold's edge.
Statesman is he, awaiting to confess
For it, and doom the gray old Privilege.
He wields the mallet and he drives the wedge,
To split the old, enormous, banded shell,—
That is 'God's order,' as the priests allege;
The rich man's paradise, the poor man's hell;—
It vibrates for his blows, most like a doomsday bell.'

CLXVI.

I answered, "What of Gladstone?" He replied
'I am his dangerous genius, in a sense.
Could I for godness with his mind abide,
His brilliant powers would shrink to impotence.
But I am made such vigors to dispense
Whereby he nerves the acts of his career;
Because he serves to weaken the defence
Where the Plutocracies their walls uprear;
To shake the gartered knees and fill the proud with fear.

CLXVII.

‘He sees not what he doeth: did he see,
The tongue would palsy and the brain close down
To the last maundering imbecility:
But he in proud conceit so large has grown,
To take the people’s feeling in his own,
That he just doubles on them, swiftly weaving
A ruin from the cottage to the throne,
By many a play of subterfuge deceiving;—
The People’s heart from his all for the dooms conceiving.

CLXVIII.

‘Britain would free America enslave,
And lost the noblest jewel in her crown.
In vain her war-ships thunder o’er the wave:
In that same hour the staff of her renown
Was broken: the Avenging Fates made frown:
Her Fortunes fled her and she knew it not.
Her fleshly heart with pride is overgrown;
Her occult flesh decays; the blistering rot
Consumes her substance now; it nears the vital spot.

CLXIX.

‘She grew by Trade, and Trade hath punished her.
Trade fed for her and now he steals away.
Trade for old Honor built a sepulcher.
She bartered for this Trade her soul’s array;
But now the Industries of Earth display:
Like a wild horse whom first the lariat binds,
She paws and frets,—she, riderless away;—
And Freedom scourges her through franchised hinds:
The spur is in her side and on her eyes the blinds.’

CLXX.

This lesson of the English Sage being ended,
I was drawn from him by a deep delight.
The bosom filled, the feet, till I ascended,
Entering upon the Public Travel-flight.
I sat within a floating car: the might
Of the immortal electricities
Forms in the air-space beautiful and bright
A woven net-work; voiceless harmonies,
Moved in the People's will, make people's way by these.

CLXXI.

'Twas a new style of motion, swift and strong,
Fed from the ardors of the People's will.
We sped those airy avenues along
Through comfortings to comfortings, until,—
But with no shock, no jar,—the car stood still
In the heart's heart of loving Lilistan;
The Golden City, whence, by many a rill,
Flow vital ardors from the Man of man;
The city in whose germ Earth's coming state began.

CLXXII.

Here then I rest: here opens my forever.
I found God's kingdom as a little child:
It grew within me as a deathless river;
That oceans round me now.—The Working Guild
Of Cordwainers, knights courteous and mild,
Clad in brave raiment of the festival,
Bade 'welcome by the Foot.' 'Twas then I smiled,
Saying, "God's blessing! hold me to your call."
Led in their social choir, I found their palace hall.



CLXXIII.

By Shoecraft I was welcomed with rich mirth:
Through foot-touch I was led into its glee;
Then wreathed in dances, all for woman-worth
Delicious flowing by sweet minstrelsy;
Captive so led into captivity.—
Shod in pale violet sandals Lily shone:
Hammer and lapstone she gave unto me
And said, 'Thou Blessed, for the labor-throne
Take these: from craft to craft rise glorious in thine own.'

CLXXIV.

Now this is comforting; to be attired
In Labor's emblems by the dearest-best.
Prophets and seers to find this thing desired:
Earth travails for it with a long unrest.
Dear Christ the Cordwainer! I feel His breast
Through all the bosomed fullness of the place:
His hands, through all these working hands imprest,
Work righteousness in foot-work they embrace.
I breathe the Craftsman's glee, I fashion to His grace.

CLXXV.

'O for a forty-parson power to preach
Thy praise, hypocrisy,' poor Byron said.
The Presbyterian smelt Faith as by the breech,
And hence our Scotia stercoration spread,
And called it 'piety.'—Truth never led
By nobler hosts than Scotland's bravest-best,
Nor sweeter brides e'er charmed the marriage bed:
The royal thistle holds the rose at breast,
From the lone Grampian hills to where Tweed's waters rest.

CLXXVI.

Hence, looking down through mists of gathering pallor,
I see in Scotia rugged honesty,
Housewifely sweetness, industry and honor;
But all enveloped in hypocrisy;
A forty-thousand power of bigotry;
A superstition abject and most vile;
Love of contention, zeal of knavery:—
Yet Freedom camps above the manly Isle:
Heroic souls rise there to meet God's morning-smile.

CLXXVII.

I met the lyric wizard of the North,
Kind, hearty, genial minstrel Walter Scott.
Of fellowship between us was no dearth:
Above 'tis his to share a blessed lot;
Reborn from limitations, griefs forgot.
His lips for blameless merriment were rife,
And from his deep-set eyes warm glances shot,
Keen, penetrative, utter free from strife.
He said, with holy awe, 'We meet as in God's Wife.

CLXXVIII.

'When our blue bonnets march across the border
From Scotland's kingdom, many pibrochs thrill;
For we move in the sacred Woman's order,
And by her blissing lips the chanter's trill
To sound the onset, all by lady-will.
How swift, how sweet, the hallowed numbers flow!
This day is glorious; it has come to fill
An expectation that I held below,
That God some day would cause for Albion's overthrow.

CLXXIX.

‘Vaguely, infirmly, though I held the creed,
 Like a true Scot I grasped the People’s heart,
 And felt in it a burning, quickening seed
 Of independence: ’tis beyond the art
 Of policy to hold, when Peoples part
 By the deep instinct of their separate powers.’
 He touched my hand; I felt the fire-pulse dart,
 And then he shewed me far Edina’s towers,
 Blossomed in splendid lights for Scotia’s coming hours.

CLXXX.

I touched to him and answered tenderly,
 “Thou wert a royal man; thy land made home
 Within thee; for the chording sympathy
 Wrought span to fold from cottage-hearth to throne:
 The People’s mind through all thy reason clomb.
 Its history in all thy thought made play:
 Its glory-deeds arched o’er thee for a dome:
 The sorrows of the land were in thy lay,
 Wrought all in splendid lines for chivalric array.

CLXXXI.

“Thou the Great Peasant wert!” Replied he sweetly,
 ‘In peasant-worth I stand arrayed forever.
 By Christ the Peasant I am clad completely.’
 I felt his heart for sheaves of blessings quiver:
 He touched again, such gladness to deliver:
 His thoughts made burnings; heart to heart we met.
 Then, as we rose, a little to dis sever,
 I saw his eyes were moist, his lips were wet:
 He pressed to mine, they bore breaths of the violet.

CLXXXII.

Then he made insight; both made insight so:
We gladdened to each other by our wives.
Gazing his bosom's broidery into,
I felt the plexus that unites our lives
Wrought in such gifts as Genius aye derives
From Beauty; "Yea," I said, "and she is sweet.
The image of the Muse in you survives;
She who for songcraft wrought by pleasure-heat,
And led you by the lay high to the Minstrel's seat."

CLXXXIII.

He blushed by modest crimson to the brow;
He pressed upon mine own the open palm;
Then murmured, 'Brother, she is weaving now
Impassioned odors from her breathing balm.
I was her bedesman there by many an alm;
For the divineness of her deep bestowing
Centered my thought as in a secret calm:
The visions passed before me for her shewing:
My pen-work moved by whirls; vision to picture flowing.

CLXXXIV.

'And now they heap the creeds upon the shelf,
But in the closets pore on such romances.
Scotia's great surface priest, his name is Pelf,
But I am pontiff for the centerstances;
And they adore, by veiled and timorous glances,
The Goddess who in Passion-Word makes play.
Surely my art-work wrought by strange advances,
The Calvin-Jove of Bigotry to slay,
And Scotia breathes more free, for that I sang, to-day.'

31.

SONG-CHARM.

The creeds that cruel Ages wrought
Dissolve before the Minstrel's thought.
Beauty in Genius weaves her spell,
Till there is harmony for hell.
Genius in Beauty lifts and blooms,
Till quickening vigors burst the tombs.
Creeds but repress with harm and smart;
'Tis poesy that opes the heart,
Until the naiad lifts her shell,
Warm, sparkling from the Mother's well.

Woman, who wreathes her flower erect
Through man, with poesies bedecked,
From silences of bliss divine
Weaves through the People, line by line.
By fragrance of her violet charm
She rises to the People's arm:
Could she but rise till eyes might see,
Music should find the loftier key,
And set the nations by a whirl
To worship in her passion-pearl.

Still Poesy, on bended knee,
Draws near the Woman's mystery.
Moralities are made impure;
At last for murders they inure.
Customs grow obsolete and slave:
Creeds in decay but fill the grave.

Song, song! that will not sleep or rest,
Which Poet finds from Woman's breast.
Did Britain's drum beat round the sphere?
The Minstrel's clarion, sweetly clear,
Piercing at last the murderous din,
Opens the ways where Loves troop in.

CLXXXV.

Scotland and Albion, they may never mix,
Or mixing they the seed will bastardize.
'Tis written thus in Wisdom's cryptilèx:
Ever the Celt from Norman-Saxon flies:
Ever the occult Saxon-Norman plies
To generate disorders through the Celt.
Ireland a vassal and a pauper lies,
Yet once heroic worth its people felt,
And wisdom crowned its brow, and valor girt its belt.

CLXXXVI.

Feebly a People thinks while used to chains:
Fiercely its bosom for oppression swells.
The occult blood, man's being that enveins,
Changes by time the structure of the cells
That shape the human image: it rebels
Against the barriers that impede its flow.
Then to war-castles grow the prison-shells:
The plunderer in the peasant finds a foe,
Inspired with one fierce thirst, the thirst to lay him low.

CLXXXVII.

There dwell in Scotia's, in Ierne's Isle,
The spirits of their own autonomy.
Craft may corrupt and Ignorance defile;
Slavery beget and breed on Slavery;
Low in their vassalage the People lie,
Till they may seem as worms in woven chains;
But the Land's Genius, whom the Powers ensky,—
If he but hold to feed them through their pains,
The People's life survives: in him that life obtains

CLXXXVIII.

The force of its persistence, till at last
The Genius, gliding from his lofty seat,
Moves in the bosomed land by influence vast,
Changing cold terror into fiery heat;
So moving on, reaching at last the feet.
The People rises though it seemed a worm:
Courage and hate and hope make arms complete:
Conies charge on the hounds, made lion-firm:
The Nation is reborn: oppressions find their term.

CLXXXIX.

Now Ireland's Genius, thrilled and palpitating,
Fires the bowed peasantry beyond enduring.
He cried to God, 'How long, how long?' awaiting
The sweet, sad hour of doom, in mercy pouring.
His powers have risen from that long inflooring.
By the first touch his Islet he would free,
Nation and homestead to the serf restoring;
His second touch, led from the foot to knee,
Should bow the People's heart, and lead Fraternity.

CXC.

Give up, give up! let every man give up;
Let every nation yield dishonest spoil.
One brought to me a golden passion-cup,
Saying, 'Drink this, O servant of the toil,
And it shall be as corn and wine and oil,
Moving by melody's exhilaration;
For now thy feet are played into our soil,
And, through all powers that make for re-creation,
The Word and fire of life pass by an emanation.'

CXCI.

'Tis a great thing to build a People, new,
Free, compact, loyal and intelligent;
And this from Lilistan I serve to do;
Forming about me ere the great event.
I know the crisis, veiled yet imminent,
Thrills on the wind-harps now, and so I wing,
From the full bosom of the land's consent,
Words that in varied lays make blossoming.
Fervid July is here, 'tis from her arms I sing.

32.

SOLILOQUY.

Rome's hungry spoilers, fierce, barbaric hordes,
Drew christianism to their conquering swords;
Drew it, masked all in Israel's shaggy ice,
Then bore it, fashioned to their own device;
Closed the Word-hearted Voice that sought release,
And made a War-God of the Prince of Peace.

Through dread Jehovah's face their Thor was seen,
And Freya virgined as the Mary-queen.
Ever the war-seed round the word-seed wreathes,
Reeking with murderous strife for rounds of deaths.
Grave prelacies, whom sacred signs adorn,
Are Odin's priesthoods, by false names reborn.
Blessed Odin's priests the axe for battle-wet?
Still more they consecrate the bayonet;
Pontificate for terror, fraud and force,
Making their holy dove a vulture hoarse,
Screaming for prey, dipping the bloody beak,
Feeding the strong on entrails of the weak.
So christianism staggers to decay,
Its 'let us kill,' wrought in old 'let us pray.'

I vail my brow in shadows to behold
Where mortal men all as the shadows fold.
Mine earthly image wanes, it almost fails,
Till by the sister-life the Word prevails.
Yet now the gold-light o'er yon loftiest hill
Is waning far and far; the song-horns thrill;
The air-barques, nearing from the horizons,
Shew distantly as flights of crimsoned swans.
The great, calm People folds with billowing powers,
That rise for rapture of the blissing hours.

A day in heaven is like no day on earth:
It rises from man's work through woman's worth;
It vanishes deep in the violet sea,
Inisled in Ladyhood's felicity.
I turn, I turn; a Sisterband in whirl
Leads the swift dance; her odor-flames unfurl;
They touch the firm-lipped, joyful knightly men
As peace by energy makes rest again.

CXCII.

Twain-one the blissful dancers wheel and wand;
The people move all in one osculation:
Kiss-words are on the lips, thence to the hand;
Live incense-airs from breasts make salutation.
One said, 'I touch your place of veneration
To ask a favor:' when he touched me so,
My heart thrilled warm: he brought an invitation;
His Bliss desired me in a coach to go.
He said, 'I am oppressed a comfort to bestow.'

CXCIII.

Pain? surely there is pain: so great the fullness
Of kindnesses that fashion sheaf by sheaf
That there is felt a brain-surge, bosom-coolness,
Till the affections find a sweet relief.
O man below! whom Time, the squalid thief,
Robs but yet gains not by his fraudulent arts;
Thou, scant of treasure, holding it so brief,
Here, in the perfect world of hearts-in-hearts,
Health overflows like morn, with song-play in its darts.

CXCIV.

Still the deploying fullness of the life
Must be dispensed, or else the blisses fail.
I knew this secret, bound in care and strife:
Gifts formed in me for many to prevail;
Yet, if the gifts were checked, they brought a wail
Of grief and sadness till my speech was laden.
The dews of blessing chilled almost to hail.
The mind from gifts repressed with gloom was shaden;
Almost it pined for death, as Love pines for the maiden.

CXCIV.

But when the times for joyful giving came,
 And social choirs drew touching to my hands,
 From the cold breaths I kindled into flame,
 And in my wreathing words were pleasure-wands.
 So I unloosed my harmonies from bands:
 The oldness vanished; I was blithely young.
 Service? 'twas gladness, aye by His commands,—
 The God, who first life's lyre for music strung:
 The love-thought maybe grew to life-bread on the tongue.

CXCVI.

The luminous, firm People weave round me,
 Where Labor's Heaven arrays by constellations.
 Their life is joy; its march is melody:
 Fraternities make voice by adorations
 To God One-Twain, bestowing through their nations
 Perpetual worth, beatitudes divine.
 Hopes, prophecies, divine felicitations
 Waft through the social strain; for gifts combine:
 A power is in the song for myriads to untwine.

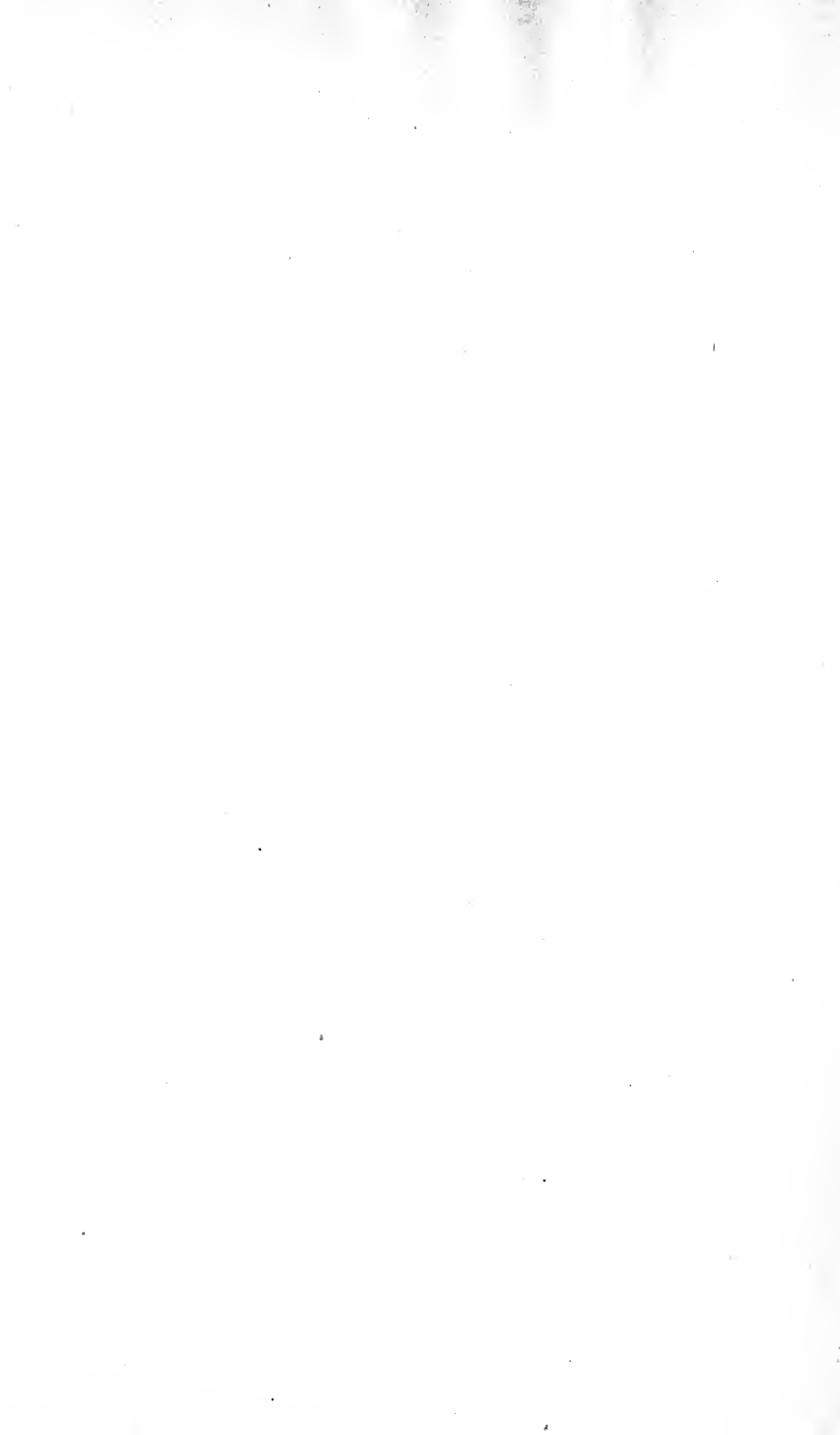
CXCIV.

Look upward to my stand-place. Lo, the Pillar
 Of the Land's Majesty! upon it stands
 The Word-Revealer and the Word-Fulfiller.
 Yea, He who holds Earth's planet in His hands;
 CHRISTUS, enwreathed in glowing service-bands;
 The word-wrought symbol of the Man of men.
 Form ye this image in you, till expands
 The mind, all glorious-firm for worth to span.
 Hold to it, fixed by faith: rise from death's waters wan.

END OF CANTO THE FOURTH.



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